THE COMMONWEAL

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BROTHERS IN CHARITY

IT IS one of those historical misfortunes which might be termed irreparable, were we not forbidden despair, that the greatest economic change this world has known began at an epoch when the one voice which Christian Europe had grown used to heeding was a questioned, a controverted and even a contemned voice. The school of writers, beginning with Cobbett, who have presented the industrial revolution as a direct and natural result of the Protestant Reformation, must needs abate their claim in the light of more widespread study. Many disruptive forces with which religion cannot justly be associated were at work toward the middle and end of the sixteenth century to transform the face of society. The discovery of America, the inflow of gold and consequent increase in currency, were very important factors. Signs of the growth of a shrewd, hard, middle class, increasingly recalcitrant to the limits that Christian social practice set to acquisitiveness, were making their appearance at least five decades before Luther nailed his ninety-five theses on the church door at Wittenberg. Nor must we overlook other contributing causes—the growth of national self-consciousness due to the increased power of kings, the rise of powerful banking and what we would today term "financing" families, notably in Italy, improvements in agriculture which the old communal leases retarded, and the cultivation of land for profit rather than maintenance. These are only a few among many that will occur to any students of the period of transition.

When all these things have been allowed for and the Reformers absolved from the charge of having deliberately made the world a harder and less joyous place to live in, the fact remains that the tempo of the change might have been mercifully slowed down, and many of its attendant evils be present among us today in less acute form, had the voice of the universal Church retained its authority during the generations when the transformation from corporate fellowship in labor to unchecked speculation and profit was taking place, in plain language, when the world was retrograding through schism and heresy into paganism. For one result of this enforced abandonment of a recognized function of the head of Christendom (under the stress, be it granted, of a sheer fight for life) has been this. Those of us who stand appalled at the distance the world has traversed from any conception of charity or morality in business and finance, are forced, for any illustration of Christian principle, to hark back to an era so remote from our own that the handy and plausible reproach, "mediaevalism," can be used to make it appear ridiculous.

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Luckily men and women of heart and brain exist who are not content to rest passively under this slur on their intelligence and on their faculty for recognizing just what things are transient and what eternal. By a coincidence which we insist upon regarding as of happy augury, two inquiries into our present economic muddle are scheduled two months ahead. One, which will be held in Paris from July 25 to July 29, is the twentieth in succession of a series of annual conventions familiar as the Semaines Sociales. The second has not so long a record of service behind it. But in the three years during which it has been operating as the Anglo-Catholic Summer School of Sociology, it has done more to restore a social conscience to Anglican churchmen than any other single body, episcopal or non-episcopal.

A glance at the program of this forthcoming congress, to open at Keble College, Oxford, on July 23, is sufficient to show with what first and last things social reformers in England who group themselves under the sacramental wing of the English Church propose to concern themselves. Their syllabus begins with the blunt assertion that something passed from the universal world four hundred years ago whose absence lies at the root of many of our social ills. "In the days of Christendom," the introduction declares, "the Mass was the centre round which the whole of life revolved. . . . All human relationships were blessed and consecrated at the Mass, and . . . it cannot be denied that the loss of control over the world which has rendered the modern church so impotent to cope with our increasing individual and social demoralization, has definitely dated from the decay of belief in the reality of that adorable mystery."

The words are not those of any member of the universal Church. But they proceed from a branch which, after three centuries of severance in discipline and dogma, is realizing bitterly the evil results of the scission. Those of us who have retained the obedience may well rub our eyes at seeing an argument which we ourselves could hardly state more plainly and uncompromisingly reaching us from outside our communion. Nor is there any reason that we, as Catholics, should feel ourselves beyond the reach of its implied reproach. For the fact cannot too often be repeated that if we, as a body, are guiltless of the disruption, we are, to a measure we sometimes fail to realize, inheritors of its evils. The world in which we live is not only not a Catholic world. It is a world which, despite outward tolerance and respect for the external apparatus of our beliefs, grows every year a little further away from the discipline those beliefs would impose on the conduct of life. What we suffer from is a divorce between religious precept and social practice unimagined in days when all western men owned a common allegiance. Pagan ideology is in control of a system to which our material lives have somehow to be reconciled. We can look to it for no help nor coöperation in a host of matters where the issues of time have to be examined by us, at least, in the light of eternity. Knowing that Christian society is a very delicate and complex organism, we have to watch it daily enduring the rough usage of utilitarian theories. Often we must reconcile ourselves with compromises that do not lie in our tradition. Walking forever against a contrary current, it is small wonder that our advance is slow and partial.

It has been said more than once that, while the Church has no "social theories," she has principles which, if followed loyally, would dispense with their necessity. In choosing for the subject of their conference this year The Law of Charity in Social Life, the leaders of the Semaine Sociale show themselves quite as aware as their Anglican brethren of society's most present and urgent need. For charity, considered in the wide sense of which it has largely been deprived, not only acts as a solvent where ostensible interests clash. It is the one infallible test of and protection against the false measures that three centuries of hampered Catholic life, have bequeathed us. In its comment upon the forthcoming congress at Paris, the Osservatore Romano uses words so apt that we make no excuse for quoting them somewhat in extenso:

"A glance at the present status of society is enough to demonstrate how urgent is the necessity for charity and fraternal love resuming its empire over Christian hearts. Saint Catherine of Siena used to say: 'The world is powerless because it has shaken loose the bond of charity.' Having forgotten or lost a profound sense of the obligations of charity, society finds itself unable to reconcile liberty with authority, equality with hierarchy, brotherly love with justice. The most legitimate contacts between class and class, nation and nation, have come to wear an air of irreductible opposition. It will be the first duty of the promoters of the twentieth Social Week to free this precept of charity from the obscurity that has descended upon it in connection with the social values."

These are very clear and very weighty words. They may very probably exasperate those who, in their preference for short cuts to social betterment, often propose remedies that are worse than the disease. But to those who feel as well as think, their implications will be perceived to surpass many a plausible schedule which has forgotten to take that uncertain quantity, human nature, into account. Father de la Brière has told us that "the world does not belong to those who, through jealousy or bitterness, find nothing commendable in it, but to those who, dreaming of better things, find that the point of perfection desired has not yet been attained." Discovering two groups of men, divided in spiritual allegiance and nationality, with their eyes set upon a single goal, it is difficult not only to repress our enthusiasm, but not to wonder how long forces so identical in aim and so harmonious in spirit will have to wait for that corporate union which, multiplying power tenfold, might pass on to the rebuilding of the kingdom of God on earth.

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — MARY KOLARS
HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

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BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

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WEEK BY WEEK

PRIOR to Woodrow Wilson's pronunciamento, Americans generally were not conscious of autonomy problems. Even today they are too ready to dismiss the thought of small groups compelled by arbitrary boundary arrangements to change not only their allegiance but many of their habits of speech and thought. Lack of information, which would create a real appreciation of the existing hardships current in many small sections of Europe, is to a great extent responsible for this indifference. The Commonweal last week called attention to the South Tyrol tangle. A less aggravated aspect of the same question can be found in Colmar, where fifteen Alsatian autonomists have been on trial for plotting against the safety of the state. There it is really an idea that is before the bar, and not the men themselves. Dr. Ricklin, former deputy in the Reichstag and new deputy in the French Chamber, the most prominent defendant, maintains that Alsatians not only are French but have no desire to be anything else. His shibboleth is bilingualism. He and his fellows believe that Alsace's peculiar religious and legal traditions merit recognition by the French government. For this treason they have been brought into court. Poilus in the court room testify to French nervousness over the situation; the army of French, German and Swiss journalists, to the intense interest the trial has aroused. One hopes that Poincaré's public declaration that Alsace requires of France a policy in conformity with its own habits and needs, will be respected by the government and acted upon with discernment. France should take a leaf from Germany's book of experience, which plainly showed that iron-handed methods cannot be effective in solving a problem requiring understanding and delicate statesmanship.

THE results of the German elections will be known almost as soon as this paper leaves the press. Meanwhile it may be well to call attention to the school bill issue which has been so largely responsible for the dissolution of the former government. The Weimar Constitution, adopted in 1919, specified that in addition to the general school system, denominational elementary schools should be established "within the municipalities, upon request." Though this stipulation was the result of the Centre party's insistence upon Catholic rights, it has also been firmly upheld by the National party, to which the conservative Lutheran groups belong. The government which recently went out of power was a coalition between these two parties, effected primarily by an agreement to promote legislation calculated to put the constitutional dictum referred to above in effect. Opposition to the school bill was, however, in evidence immediately. Much of this followed party lines, but a great deal arose out of the belief that state support for two educational systems would further imperil the stability of the budget. A number of compromises and modifications were proposed without success. It must be noted that several prominent Catholic leaders, notably Dr. Wirth, were lukewarm in their support of the measure and tried to find another solution of the problem. By far the greater number, however, fought earnestly for the bill. At present one does not feel that their strength will be augmented by the elections now in progress.

ONE, at least, of the difficulties which beset and hamper the work of the League of Nations receives an illustration from the present situation in China, due to the march northward of the Nationalist army and the plea made by the leaders of the latter party to the League to check Japanese intervention in the quarrel. The request, it has been stated in the House of Lords by Lord Cushendun, British representative on the Geneva body, cannot be entertained for the reason that the only government which the League recognizes at the present moment is the Pekin government—now, to all appearances, on its last legs, but none the less the only body with which the League can correspond. The difficulty may be an insuperable one (it is advanced with all the air of keen regret) but it is only necessary to contemplate its possibilities for the future to see how seriously it may yet estop the League from its function of preventing aggression by a stronger upon a weaker power until the rights and wrongs of the case have received examination.

HISTORY is there to show us that a great many invasions in the past, indeed some of the most terrible and lasting, have taken place at the invitation of a

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government that has lost the countenance of its own nationals, and prefers support by foreign help to extinction. Should a similar condition reproduce itself in our ordered present, and nearer to Geneva than China, it is at least unlikely that any request to intervene will reach the League from such a quarter. It is a difficult matter to assign any given moment at which the honor, the dignity and the right to speak as a nation passes from one contending party to another. But an international body which is forced to turn a blind eye upon an existing state of war because no "official" invitation to use its good offices has reached it, reveals a structural flaw of the most serious kind in its constitution.

A CORRESPONDENT whose letter adds much to the value of The Commonweal this week has this to say regarding Mexico: "Before the establishment of the Calles régime, who of us, considering the persecution of the early Christians, ever dreamed that similar occurrences in our own day and age could be treated so lightly by the press!" And who, we wonder, would have imagined that United States citizens interested in their country would treat a tremendous national and moral problem as if it were something very like a high school debating contest! As a priceless sample of the kind of thing which even the most self-respecting of our journals have been printing, we submit the despatch relative to "trial marriage" in Mexico sent by Jack Starr-Hunt to the New York Herald Tribune. He reports that politicians are "proud of the record set here for Mexican states in matters of legislation," and that San Luis, first Mexican state to recognize women's rights, has now "formed a special code on family relations, incorporating what is known as 'trial marriage.'" The illustrious newsgatherer then issues the following comment: "Mexican women, in general, have not many rights nor do they enjoy the freedom of Americans. However, the ancient customs are crumbling under the spirit of modernity and the step of legislators here is expected to aid the movement materially." For all we know, Mr. Starr-Hunt is a great satirist, whose real message—like the science of Roger Bacon—can be deciphered only by experts. But what are we to say of a newspaper which gravely prints news to the effect that "trial marriage," described in luscious terms, is going to promote recognition of "women's rights" in Mexico?

OF FAR graver concern, however, is a story carried by the New York Times, in its issue of May 17, regarding the arrest in Brooklyn of three men who are said to have confessed "to a plot whereby they had smuggled a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition into Mexico for the opponents of the régime of President Calles." The seizure was made by an agent of the Department of Justice, the charge being violation of the federal act of 1924, prohibiting the export of arms to Mexico. To what proportions the news here supplied may be expanded is one question. The issues involved constitute another. Everybody knows (or ought to) that the "opposition" in question is almost entirely limited to Catholics defying the government in Jalisco—fighting for liberty of conscience as hard and justifiably as ever any of our own ancestors did. Everybody knows likewise that the stability of the Calles government is dependent upon this act of 1924. The only possible conclusion, therefore, is that the Mexican persecution is being protected by the United States. Of course the officer who made the arrest was doing his duty. The law is clearly against the smugglers. But every American who thinks ought to consider the responsibilities implied in such a law—responsibilities among which is clearly the duty of considering what our policy is actually accomplishing in contemporary Mexico.

CONSOLIDATION, that surrender to efficiency which has radically changed the newspaper field in the United States, is so serious a problem in England that the House of Commons has denounced this press method as "contrary to the public interests." The declaration, unanimously passed, was aimed at the struggle now in progress between the lords of Fleet Street for the control of the British press. The tendency unquestionably is toward the formation of a great newspaper trust which, owning most of the journals, weeklies and periodicals in the country, would eventually be the real power behind the throne. Public opinion in England, more than that of any other nation, is influenced by the press. The government rightly feels that the mind of a nation which boasts freedom of opinion should not be dominated by a group sufficiently moneyed to devour all journalistic competitors. Unfortunately, though the alarm is now sounded, the remedy is yet undiscovered. Economic pressure is a factor of surrender against which even the most determined cannot stand. The very tightness of the island kingdom lays it open to graver perils than are found in this country. Modern transportation makes it possible to deliver a paper, printed in London, to any British home within eight hours, so that it is easy to conceive the survival of but one journal. Although the United States is many years removed from such a possibility, the rapidly increasing chain systems of publications, with their standardized editorials and features, possess the same dangerous potential monopoly of public influence. Most American editors merely sentimentalize over the passing of journals long regarded as powerful factors in molding thought. Yet in the attitude of those public-spirited and wealthy English publicists whose dismay is only equaled by their zeal in fighting amalgamations lies the greatest hope for sane solution.

ON THE face of it, and until a little more is known of the circumstances, the demand of the Oxford University magazine, Isis, that Dr. Buchmann, late of Princeton and New York, be expelled from Oxford

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University and his cult of "Buchmannism" broken up by the proctors, who are a quite special body with unusual powers, sounds a little harsh. The movement recalls many of the early phenomena of Methodism at Cambridge. Religious "house parties," we are told, are being held in college rooms; there is confession of sin, relation of individual spiritual experiences, and the inevitable attendant "conversions." Anyone with experience of religious revivals can readily believe that the atmosphere becomes tense, "hovering," the Isis editorial charges, "between giggles and fanaticism." The interesting facts are recalled that Dr. Buchmann had already been invited to leave Princeton "in the interests of academic peace," and that his movement has the support of Mr. Harold Begbie, reputed author of Painted Windows, and one of the liveliest critics of official Anglicanism and the bench of bishops in England. The whole strange incident may be left to be judged upon its merits. But it is additional proof of something that prophets who complacently foresee the gradual reduction of the world to a rule of reason in which religion survives as merely behaviorism manage to overlook. A vast amount of unattached and uncovenanted mysticism is abroad today. The forms it takes will hover between saintliness and unseemliness just so long as the world's common sense rejects it and no sacramental system of communion with the unseen takes it in and disciplines it.

BUSINESS ethics are often variable because no accepted code has been formulated. Personal integrity, a letter conformity with existing legal restrictions, acceptance of usage as an infallible criterion, and the belief that what can be effected without detection is right, have each played a part, big or little, in determining business procedure. Sound principles of conduct, however, should not be left to individual interpretation. It is encouraging, therefore, to note the action of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which was so stirringly addressed by the chairman of its board of directors, Judge Edwin B. Parker. His suggestion was responsible for the unanimous adoption of resolutions dealing with ethics in business. Two points stand out boldly and promisingly. The Chamber first emphasized its principles of business conduct which provides that "corporate forms do not absolve from or alter the moral obligations of individuals." Then, reaffirming allegiance to the standards adopted at its 1924 meeting, it stressed the doctrine that "business should render restrictive legislation unnecessary through so conducting itself as to deserve and inspire public confidence." Such a sane declaration of responsibility must be at once a guide and a challenge to business men everywhere.

ALL the world loves a platform. The old man in the store back home used to cling to the box from which his political opinions could be announced with authority or, at least, with challenging unction. How well we remember the particular selectman who declared, with a feeling that he was displaying the utmost of deference to others: "When I'm wrong I gives in, but when I'm right I sticks by it." Who, then, if endowed with a purposeful message would not enjoy the chance to stand before the "radio audience," which silently absorbs, night after night, such wisdom as it can acquire between gusts of jazz and coloratura solos? Not all is well with radio. Many stations, however, are doing excellent work with the means at their disposal. When these "means," in the case of WLWL, include so able a lecturer as Mr. Frank Whalen, there is abundant reason for rejoicing. Having studied the science of psychology with diligence and sanity, Mr. Whalen is able to provide comment of a trustworthy kind. He is particularly admirable by reason of his willingness to come to grips with all varieties of investigation—even behaviorism and psychoanalysis—and to substitute an assaying process for lump-sum labeling. It is a pleasure to know that these lectures are being followed by many people—18,000 enrolled listeners, so it is said. That proves, if there were no other testimony, the usefulness of the radio work undertaken by the Paulists in New York.

PERPETUATING the horse-car is another matter which the genius of Henry Ford has made possible. Early American rooms—which are now beginning to look a trifle dull beside the latest trim modernistic salons—are seldom large enough to allow the use of a horse-car as bric-à-brac, and owing to the price of real estate and the number of available canvases, museum space is at a premium. What better way out of the dilemma could be found than deportation to Detroit of the article in question? It is true that the particular vehicle acquired was of thoroughbred Manhattan stock, and likewise true that Detroit had very few (or none) of such conveyances. The tendency of mankind seems to be toward separating monuments of the past from the past. There are more spinning wheels in certain raw middle-western factory towns than in all New England. But though Mr. Ford has followed the "spirit of the times" in this regard, he is faithful to his own tenets in other significant ways. Nothing so impresses upon the mind the "distance we have traveled" as a view of, say, primitive and 1928 Ford cars, side by side. By inaugurating a system of visual comparisons between the things of now and those of yesteryear, we can get something like a speedometer record of American civilization in certain of its aspects. If the result does not always encourage optimism, it stimulates at least the art of gasping with surprise.

HAVING listened to the President declare that "if we could surround ourselves with forms of beauty the evil things of life would tend to disappear and our moral standards would be raised," Americans ought not to question the value of art. As a matter of fact, however, they appear to be vastly more interested in

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art as such than in its value. Everyone will have his opinion regarding the Art and Trade exposition which, under the tutelage of Macy's New York, has brought together a quantity of creations by artists of several countries. To us a good deal of the show looks merely bizarre and conscious of its own extravagant novelty. But there is much, particularly in the foreign exhibits, which seems to express a new purpose—a conception of life in terms of contemporary mankind. Many of the humbler objects are especially interesting. What is shown of glass and silver ware, of pottery and fabrics, often stirs the genuine hope that we may be recapturing some of the mediaeval insight into the truth that beauty is most companionable when enshrined in the necessities of daily living rather than when confined to the magnificent sterility of the Sunday afternoon museum.

IT IS worthy of attention that a considerable part of the new European work is executed by corporate societies having much of the gild spirit. Of the Wiener Werkstaette, which presents some very intriguing mirrors, among other things, we are told that "working in the same spirit as the gilds of the old days, it had to go ahead step by step and endeavor to create a new style in building and decoration." Similar Werkstaetten, those of Munich, Halle and Düsseldorf, are included in the Germany display. Modern French associations of this character are well known. If the movement as a whole can prosper, it ought in time to rescue us who are consumers or purchasers from the fatal monotony of the machine-made product, and it may restore to numberless workingmen the "joy in creation" which made Ruskin so homesick for an earlier era. In art, as in play or living, the passing of emphasis upon "star rôles" is a sign of progress toward reaping the beneficence of social institutions.

THE CASE OF MR. BROUN

AMERICA has cultivated the ego with so little passion that the daily effusions of Mr. Heywood Broun were something both of an anomaly and of a stimulus. It is only seldom, by the way, that these two functions are performed by one organism. To be genuinely stimulating, literature—as is so abundantly demonstrated by Mr. Mencken—must always establish something like a chorus in which all manner of folk can lift their hearts and voices. The essence of Mr. Broun has been a perpetual solo. At times it reached high C without a quaver, or tumbled into a broad, jovial basso with no apparent strain. Unfortunately the performance was so much a "star" matter that even the stage (our eminent contemporary, the World) finally began to heave, toss and rebel. One must admit its patience and long-suffering. There were moments when a spectator wondered just how the business office sized up that column. Yet it was not until Mr. Broun yelled himself hoarse over Sacco and Vanzetti that the finger of warning was lifted. The discipline, this time, was paternal, however. The same old andantes and scherzos were heard afresh each morning until recently, when the Nation printed divers comments on the newspaper founded by Mr. Pulitzer. Now only has the song ceased, has the lark folded his wings and gone off to the woodlands new.

That Mr. Broun warbled in a manner dear to the hearts of many, especially the young many, is a fact well known. The metropolis has its crowd of unattached, college-educated, individualistic men and women below forty. If for a great number of these the Platonic dialogue is reduced to the status of the soliloquy, it abides nevertheless as the whitest part of the loaf of daily bread. It is an exchange of wills through the innocuous medium of conversation. Liberalism, as indulged in by this group, is possibly the most triumphant of all liberalisms. Wherever the individual is in danger, they beat the drums of war—for the most part, of course, quite non-militaristically, tranquilly as it were. How great, therefore, was the general pleasure at seeing Mr. Broun snare and boom in public as the spirit moved! All institutions, all kinds of authority reigning by virtue of a name, were labeled "enemy" and disposed of in suitable paragraphs. That Protestantism in this country organized its "social conscience" in the wake of Mr. Volstead was a golden opportunity. Verily the "churches" were here marching upon the Broun machine-gun with all the mass formation tactics of a Chinese mob. From this kind of "conscience" the doughty World warrior was completely emancipated. How easy it was to declare, to make evident constantly, the circumstance that he was emancipated from much else besides—that, unlike the Arab who made so deep an impression upon Psichari and Foucauld, he need not pray to be "led on the right path," but could use all manner of modern conveyances to exploit any chosen direction! There have been plenty of Broun crusades, but they championed, every one of them, the glory of doing as one pleased in the universe of here and now.

To Mr. Broun's credit it must be said that, though the aid received from prohibition was great, he was strong enough to establish a liberalistic tone among people who could in no wise afford to be liberalistic regarding various aspects of human life. It has now become quite unfashionable to protest, not merely against such details as excessive parsimony in skirts, but even against the corruption of institutions like the theatre. Resistance is possible up to a certain extent through the ballot box, because that is secret. But where is the vigorous, open, skilfully professed opposition to the drilling of the dikes and the downpour of water which, all about us, splashes the blue flower of living with daubs of rouge? We have grown strangely silent in our defense of the Christian, not to say the Catholic, spirit. When we do fight, we are often futile with anger or paralyzed by our gaucherie. Satan has always been a master of fence, you may say. But

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things are a bit awry, they testify to a wholesale defeat of the opposition, when Satan is the man of whom the whole town talks. We do not, of course, identify Mr. Broun with Beelzebub. He is, after all, only a clever fellow who used to run a column and will doubtless succeed in running another. One merely wonders, meanwhile, why there is nowhere a tower of the press from which the bells ring out.

OUT OF MODERN SOULS

OUR American religious life is no longer a series of exercises in goodness. Many, of course, still separate the sheep from the goats on the basis of whether or not card-playing has been succumbed to, but (judging by diverse recent magazine articles) the standard of selection is becoming less tangible though more solid. There is a great deal of talk about religious "experience," and even more of "readjustment" to the modern universe. Both imply a return to ideas which can only be termed "metaphysical," because they transcend immediately given data either of conduct or of cosmogony. It is to be feared that a quantity of what now passes for "metaphysics" is simply bad dreaming—charting the world according to enchanting phantoms which take their rise, heaven knows where, in some abyss of speculation. But in itself this reawakened interest in those fundamental conceptions of thought and being with which the old princes of human vision anointed and crowned themselves is fruitful and excellent. We are prone to forget this—we whom the contemporary world shocks so constantly with some theory bearing an unorthodox or even malicious stamp. Is it not well to remember that, after entertaining many such ideas, perilous and destructive though they were, Augustine arrived at a consciousness of God, a trust in the wisdom of faith in Christ, that transcends almost infinitely the neat little spiritual postage-stamps of persons who see hell in a glass of wine?.

The more there is in this world of Augustine-like consciousness of Divinity, the more there will be of that grace which alone makes our virtue possible. Certainly the other impression, that by fastening one's gaze to a few dozen rules of deportment, individual or social, one can rise by invisible bootstraps toward heaven is quite erroneous. A popular league of atheists announces that its platform is "doing good." How vastly more important is the Christian's decision of "being good"—a matter possible only if the universe itself is good, if basic to it there is the virtue and the charity of God! And in spite of so much that seems to prove the contrary, one feels that a relatively large share of America is interested in just this enterprise of "being good." Doubt and evil are afoot, but the ecstasy of right inward living is vigorous also. We feel that this last exists not merely inside the Catholic Church—though we find it there primarily—but also in all other forms of faith in Christ.

Consider, for instance, the frequently heralded statement that faith in the dogmatic aspects of religion is waning rapidly. This seems to be supported in a measure by the answers sent in response to a questionnaire submitted by Professor George H. Betts, of Northwestern University, to 436 Protestant ministers. The queries ranged from "Do you believe that God exists?" to "Do you believe that prayer has the power to change conditions in nature—such as drought?" Professor Betts's catalogue of the replies has one weakness, in that no distinction was made between "moderate" and "positive" assent or disbelief. Yet only a single question—the first quoted above—invoked a unanimous affirmative. Three-fourths of the number expressed belief in the Virgin Birth of Christ, while only half were certain that either heaven or hell is a definite place or location. One was even inclined to deny that life continues after death. A large number of scriptural interrogations provoked responses which, in the aggregate, seem to testify to a great amount of doubt. In short, the feeling that the convictions of the Protestant ministry are waxing unstable appears to be justified by this report.

Further analysis of the data, however, supplies some astonishing information. The Lutheran, Baptist, Evangelical and Episcopalian groups subscribe, to a very great extent, to the integrity of Christian doctrine, though wavering considerably upon disputed points of Scripture. On the other hand, the Congregational and a large share of the Methodist ministers veer strongly toward liberalism, particularly in so far as the topic of eternal retribution for wrong-doing is concerned. All this seems to indicate that Protestantism is gradually dividing itself into two groups, with rather definitely marked creed boundaries. The one side adheres more firmly to the whole faith than press comment had inclined us to believe; the other is faithful to the prevalent modernist description. Interestingly enough, it is precisely the more American and democratic party which is veering toward doctrinal chaos. Lutheran ministers, who still commonly speak German, adhere to the letter of the law with a tenacity one admires and is more than a little gratified to discover.

The question as to what this development means to the Catholic Church is daily answering itself. On the one hand, there is a growing tendency to use Catholic apologetic—or at least such parts of it as have a bearing upon science or criticism—in defending the Christian faith. On the other, one finds that concern with the system of metaphysics which has been fostered by Catholic saints is being resorted to with greater diligence and more understanding, in the hope of finding assistance toward answering the abiding philosophic queries more discerningly. The obvious inference is that American Catholics must increase their knowledge and mastery of both sources of counsel, not for their own sakes alone, but so that any troubled soul may receive, however remote he may be from the corporate life of Christendom, such aid as his peace of heart and his approach to Truth may demand.

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CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY

By JOHN M. THOMAS

WHOEVER has studied the Italian situation, not only in its superficial aspect but its underlying spirit, will not be surprised at the vigorous protest by the Supreme Pontiff against the Fascist monopoly of education made in his address of March 25. The speech is a supreme gesture against the narrowing circle of legislation which the Fascist government is striving to construct around the Church. It is none the less so because a subsequent letter from the Pontiff, in showing how much of his pronouncement had been misunderstood and twisted to support a charge of intervention in state affairs, strengthened its force by clearly pointing out that issue is a religious one, and that, even in the disputed "Roman question," his protest was merely made against a confusion of "the opinions and aspirations of the [Centre] party and a political group with the inner thought of the Holy See."

History, here, is our best guide. Each and every time the civil power has overstepped its legitimate limits and sought to invade religious authority, Popes have protested. The strife between Church and state, from the very dawn of the Christian religion, has often confined itself to a resistance by the Papacy against some attempt by the civil power to assume the control of religious forces, and to confiscate, for its own benefit, rights inherent in ecclesiastical authority.

The problem, as the Pontiff presents it to us, is a religious one. Certain French and British journalists might be named who affect to see in the whole affair merely a political contest, and who hint sapiently at a vast web of foreign intrigue, French and Austrian for choice. By so doing they condemn their readers to a complete misunderstanding of the real significance of the incident. An analogy is drawn from the affair of the Action Française, in which superficial foreign correspondents still affect to see a political move, combined between the nuncio and M. Briand, the republic and the Holy See, whereas the papal pronouncement was a timely and much needed intervention to liberate Catholic thought in France from the tentacles of pagan ideology and to guard the interests of religion from a political organization which sought to utilize the Faith for purely material ends.

In Italy the situation is little different. Fascist doctrine proclaims its control over the bodies and persons and consciences of citizens in every field of human activity. It coincides closely with the theories of the neo-idealistic philosopher, Giovanni Gentile, who, in the course of a long polemic conducted with the Osservatore Romano—a journal in the closest touch with the Holy See—declared as short a time ago as last February that attacks made upon him by Catholics were, in substance, attacks upon the Fascist doctrine. This doctrine is resumed in a single phrase by Mussolini: "Nothing may exist against the state, nothing outside the state, nothing above the state." And as the state and Fascismo are one and the same thing, the phrase must be construed as meaning: "Nothing may exist against or outside of Fascismo, but everything in favor of, within and subjected to Fascismo."

Up to now this political theory—the famous "totalitarismo"—which implies absolute submission to the state, has managed to live in ostensible peace with the activities of the Church—in other words with activities which claim in no uncertain voice to be above and beyond any political ideal or movement. This status quo has been due partly to the prudence of the Pontiff, and partly to the intelligence of Mussolini, who appreciates the immense utility of maintaining friendly relations with Catholics—clerical and lay. Years ago Crispi declared that the greatest Italian statesman should be he who solved the Roman question. Mussolini, there can be no doubt, nourishes the laudable ambition of being that man.

But the Fascist state now finds itself driven by the force of its own logic to lay hands upon the few remaining associations which are not directed by Fascists and whose end lies outside Fascist education of the young. On March 28, Mussolini declared that the state was no longer able to tolerate any form of education other than Fascist, under penalty of writing its own death warrant.

Hence, just as, a year ago, the association of Catholic Boy Scouts was forced, with a few exceptions, to disband, so today notice of dissolution is served upon the Association of Catholic Youth, an organization with a history of fifty-seven years behind it, and which lies so near the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff that he has termed its members on one occasion "the pupils of his eyes."

The least one can conclude from such action is that the two conceptions of thought and conduct—Catholic and Fascist—are adjudged to be antithetical. And herein lies the whole drama of the present condition of relations between Church and state in Italy. The Church, today as never before, is surrounded with tokens of outward respect. At the very same time her industrial, sporting and educational organizations are being attacked and despoiled.

Other motives for conflict are not lacking. Let us recall a few. At the present moment the government is publishing (at the national expense, hence partly with Catholic money) the works of Gabriele D'Annunzio, condemned as immoral by the Church, and is patronizing the representation of his theatrical works in face of protests from the Pope, the bishops and the chiefs of the Azione Cattolica. Recently certain Fascist jour-

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nals have been giving space to articles, on political and dogmatic subjects, inherently anti-Catholic, which the Osservatore Romano has found itself constantly obliged to refute. By certain of these organs the argument is carried so far as to question the very principles of the Faith and to insinuate the dependence of the Holy See on foreign powers. As one example, the Tevere, a Roman newspaper, on February 28 last, printed a most offensive article against Cardinal Gasparri. Referring to it, the Osservatore Romano reasonably asks: "What would be said upon the other side if we permitted ourselves similar comments upon the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Italian government?" It is notorious that Cardinal Gasparri is frequently the target chosen by the more aggressive nationalists, possibly because of the favor shown by him to the League of Nations and to a policy of peace.

One might add a host of theories, due to the texture of its thought, which have infiltrated themselves into Fascismo. In the nationalist sphere, the theories of Maurras and Nietzsche; in the economic sphere, those of Georges Sorel; in philosophy, the Hegelian worship of the state, so eminently evidenced by Gentile. When for full measure we add the difficulties which the Azione Cattolica encounters in so many places, especially at the hands of the anti-clerical faction now camouflaged with Fascism, we shall see that motives for conflict are only too abundant.

It is true that these divergences, wherever it is possible, are so far suppressed as to make it appear that a new "golden age" has been reached in the relations between Church and state. To paint this rosy picture seems to be more especially the task of certain Catholics, who form a section, by no means large, in the Centro Nazionale, an organization essentially Fascist, which takes its name from the fact that it attaches great importance to an outward respect for religion, and strives to represent itself, in so far as it can, as a sanction given to acts of the Fascist régime from the Catholic point of view.

This Centre party was formed by those who, in the summer of 1923, left the Partito Popolare when that party opposed the new Fascist electoral laws. Its leaders are Signor Cavazzoni, who was a minister in Mussolini's cabinet after the famous "march on Rome," and Signor Matteo Gentili, today sub-secretary at the Ministry of Justice and Public Worship. These men are prominent in an association ostensibly for non-partisan political study. In reality their object is political action. Up to the time the Partito Popolare was dissolved, they reproached its members bitterly for their complacency toward the socialist and anti-clerical parties and for their opposition to a government which favored the Church. The Popolari replied that many anti-clericals by no means converted were to be found in the Fascist ranks, and that they themselves were in opposition to Fascism because it was an enemy of civil and political liberty, and hence necessarily a danger also to religious liberty. From this time on, certain journalists of the Centre party strove to show that the corporate Fascist state corresponded to the ideals laid down in the encyclical, Rerum Novarum (which, it is needless to point out, calls for a rational freedom of association). One of them went so far as to claim that the Fascist state was nothing less than the typical Catholic state. This assertion has received a striking dementi, not only on the part of the Osservatore Romano, but at the hands of the Fascist leaders themselves, who, by their action in dissolving the Boy Scout organization, throw into quite adequate relief the doctrinal differences between Fascism and the Catholic Church.

In harmony with their convictions, the heads of the Centre party held a convention in March last, whose occasion, in substance, was the celebration of gains registered by religion during the Fascist régime. Satisfaction was expressed in regard to all the party in power had done in regard to the Church. The convention closed with a ceremonial visit to il duce. Their conduct here, it needs hardly be said, was diametrically opposed to traditional Catholic practice, always guided by the fact that the Pontiff still claims his ancient rights over the eternal city and maintains his condemnation of its conquest in 1870. The Roman question, indeed, which is at the centre, now as always, of the conflict between Church and state in Italy, has in nowise changed since 1870, at which time the territorial domain adjudged necessary to the free exercise of his exalted functions was reft from the Pope.

In its issue of October 20 last, the Foglio d'Ordini, which is an organ of the Fascist party, asserted that the state today considers any question even in the most modest form, of the temporal power as outside the realm of discussion. Its conduct is in contrast even with that of Victor Emanuel II, who, in a letter to Pio Nono, fifty-eight years ago, promised to "the head of Catholicism, surrounded as he was by the devotion of the Italian people. . . a glorious residence and independence of all human sovereignty," and agreed to exclude from the conquered territory that portion of Rome known as the "Leonine city," in other words the quarter of the Vatican. The Osservatore Romano—in its issue of February 9 last, and in the course of a courteous discussion with the Popolo d'Italia, a daily organ directed by the brother of il duce—may well declare that the entire question, as treated by the Foglio d'Ordini, has taken a distinct retrograde step.

Of all these things no account whatever was taken by the representatives of the Centre party at their recent convention. No formal homage of any sort was paid to the Pontiff, even by delegates rated as Catholics. To the reproaches of the Pope, reply was made in a note communicated to the Vatican late on the evening of March 27, and placed in the Pontiff's hands on the morning of the 28, when it had already appeared in every morning paper. Perhaps for this reason, the Osservatore refrained from quoting it, merely observing that "it contained no clear answer to the main

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points of the pontifical discourse, and thus constituted a new argument for their necessity and pertinence."

These points have emphasized the essential illogicality of a position which, while making use of the name Catholic, practically demands the sacrifice of religious to political interests. In his discourse, the Father of the Faithful declared that "not only good and pious Catholics but also non-Catholics" were as one in perceiving how "symptomatic and significant" was such action on the part of persons who had "stressed the Catholic quality of their convention." Referring to the speech of Signor Martire at the capitol, he added:

> Its significance is not lessened, but rather aggravated by the fact that while speeches which referred to the Pontiff as the common father in the Faith were greeted with unanimous applause, the same applause greeted an announcement that the conflict "between the Church and the state, as we see it defined in the guarantees of 1871," had reached a settlement that was not only "theoretical" but actual and "personal". . . . It would have been better [the Pontiff further observed] and more humane to have spared the applause.

And taking the speech at the Capitol point by point, the Pope made clear the position of the Church in regard to Fascism. He said:

> A design to demonstrate that Catholicism in Italy has entered upon an age of gold is everywhere evident. It is far from our wish to deny the good that has been accomplished, and the evil that has been curbed. . . . We have often admitted both the one and the other. . . . But we are also aware, and the bishops who resort to us from every diocese are aware, how much that is to be deplored—how many veritable "lachrymae rerum" remain. We know how many Christian parents are profoundly grieved and disturbed at seeing continual attempts, or rather an entire policy, directed toward a state monopoly of education, not only in the physical but in the moral and spiritual sphere. Moreover we know of the vexations, the difficulties, the obstacles, the obscure and manifest menaces directed, we do not say everywhere, but in many places, against the tranquil development of the Azione Cattolica, an organization very near to us, and against clubs and speakers affiliated to our dioceses, at one time attended by violent and open molestation, at another time concealed under specious pretexts. . . .

These are grave words. They go to the heart of the conflict. They reveal the real nature of a situation beside which the convention and speeches of the Centre party are a simple episode. What is at stake is the right of the Church to exercise its magistracy over souls, a right which proceeds from God and not from the state, and now finds itself at issue with the Fascist conception of "totalitarismo."

Napoleon, in his day, desired the moral support of the Papacy, and found himself condemned by the absolutism of his political theory to be at odds with it instead. At that time it fell to Pius VII to be the defender of the Church's vital rights. It is very much to be hoped that Mussolini will have sufficient political wisdom to perceive the fundamental error of a quarrel with the Papacy, sufficient political instinct to realize the essential impossibility of a free Church in a fettered state, the irreconcilability of religious freedom with the abolition of political liberties.

The problem is a serious one both for Church and state. But far more serious for the latter.

THE UNSEEN FACTORS IN POLITICS

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

IN WRITING about the chances of a candidate or the efficacy of arguments for and against him, no attention is ever paid to the most powerful factor of all—popular psychology. What is done is to weigh solemnly the things that are said against him; to calculate, for instance, on the number of votes Hoover will lose in the border states by the "segregation" argument, the number of Chicago and Harlem votes he will get to counterbalance that loss, and so forth. It is all done on the assumption that men really do decide the merits of candidates after grave and dispassionate weighing of the considerations pro and con. Nobody ever thinks of excavating the most decisive reason of all in determining the attitude of voters; the reason which the voter would be hard put to it to formulate in words; the fact that he just doesn't like Hoover, or does.

This is not only the most potent consideration, but it is one to be spoken of with respect. The liking or disliking is no display of mad caprice; it is founded on some solid reason. The point is that argument cannot affect it one way or the other; that is why it is potent. If some one argues that Smith appoints only Catholics to office, that is a misunderstanding that can be removed by argument; but if he opposes Smith because he hates and dreads the influence of New York City in national affairs, it is not a case for argument. The point here is that these irremovable antagonisms are the most powerful factors of all in deciding an election, and are never even considered in the calculations of politicians and political writers.

The bitterness of the Republican antagonism has deepened as the pre-convention contest has gone on, until now the conditions in the two parties are reversed. In April, when the Democratic last-ditchers were threatening a bolt, a third ticket, and the wrecking of their party in case Smith was nominated, it seemed as if all the bitterness would be at Houston. But with

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the certainty of his nomination the bitterness has largely subsided, and the outlook for a perfunctory fight against the inevitable, and a fairly philosophical acceptance of it, is the probable outcome of the opposition. On the Republican side the hatreds have become more and more inflamed; and this is all the more remarkable because there seems no reason why any Republican should hate Hoover, while there is a plain and logical reason why many Democrats do hate and dread Smith. As I said at the beginning of this article, these things which never enter the calculations of writers and politicians are the most potent of all.

There is a real basis for the Republican feeling against Hoover and the Democratic feeling against Smith, and it must grind the souls of the anti-Hooverites to see their inability to convey that basis intelligibly to the public. The basis is in the nature of Hoover himself. There are many men of importance in the Republican party who feel intensely that Hoover is mentally and temperamentally unfitted to be President, but the moment they attempted to put that feeling in words they would seem to be giving voice only to childish, vindictive, splenetic prejudice. They also feel that he is unfitted to be a candidate, and that his revelation of his temperamental inadequacy will bring disaster on the party before the campaign is half over. But there is no way of getting such a feeling before the critical eyes of other men; indeed, it is pretty hard to formulate it effectively even for the purposes of soliloquy.

Hoover's supporters dwell on his superb efficiency as an administrator. His opponents are at a disadvantage in being unable to say convincingly that he would be an inefficient President. There is an intangible but real difference between being an administrator and being a President. The President ought to be a good administrator if possible, but it is essential that he should be a good handler of men. Andrew Johnson was a successful Governor of Tennessee, first in peace and then in war, because he was a good administrator, but he was not a successful President because—partly—he was not a good judge of how to handle men.

Some faint hints of this feeling about Hoover stray occasionally into the light. They are always in the form of amused intimations that the old grey wolves of the Senate would find Hoover an indocile President if they tried to mold him to the support of their nefarious schemes. That is not the real state of the case. Those who distrust Hoover's ability to deal with men are not all old grey wolves and do not all contemplate nefarious schemes.

If this strong motive for opposing Hoover ever did get into verbal shape, the Hooverites would have a triumphant and crushing answer. Of course Hoover can handle men, they would say; have not his long successes in administration proved it? And it would be a waste of time for the anti-Hooverites to reply, what is the truth, that the handling of men in politics calls for entirely different qualities from the handling of men in flood control, relief organization, and other purely administrative matters. The mention of the word "politics" usually closes people's minds automatically; they vision politics as something underhand and abhorrent, and think it all the more to a man's credit that he should be called "not a politician." But politics is the art of government, and no President has ever been successful, either for himself or his country, who was not "a good politician." This was the thing which in 1920 defeated General Leonard Wood, a genius as administrator, but incapable of understanding that a President must recognize the diverse elements in the popular mind and act with a sympathetic knowledge of the claims of all. No Presidents have been more successful than those politically-minded men, Lincoln and Roosevelt.

In addition to the sincere belief that Hoover would not make a good president—and it is this which was back of Secretary Mellon's long delay and lack of enthusiasm in accepting him—there is the conviction that he would not be a good candidate. The first objection is temperamental, the second mental. It lies in a dislike of the way Hoover's mind works the moment he leaves problems of administration for problems of statesmanship. In 1920 this was more apparent than it is now. In that year Hoover lost votes every time he said anything; this year his utterances are more carefully guarded—whether by himself or by others time will show. In 1920 there was something innocent and groping about the way in which he approached public questions. This year there is not, but it is also to be noticed that this year he says nothing about public questions, whether under advice or by his own motion. As a candidate he will have to discuss public questions; no candidate in our time has tried to avoid it except Alton B. Parker in 1904, and he met disaster; and the Republicans who oppose his nomination are fearful, remembering his jejune habit of political thought in 1920, that he will not last out the campaign.

This is the reason for the unintelligible alarm and distrust of Hoover's nomination. It is not the impelling motive with all his opponents; there are many men opposing him whose motives are malign and unworthy. That, however, is the case with the opposition to every candidate, even, strange as it may seem, with Jim Watson. The men who tried to unhorse Watson at the Indiana primary were not all of them disinterested uplifters.

As for Smith, the men and women who are busily marshaling impressive facts to convince the minds of his opponents are doing a necessary work, but they will never touch the principal obstacle in Smith's way, because it never becomes palpable. There are plenty who sincerely believe that a Tammany President would install vice and graft in the federal government; there are plenty who believe that a wet President would be able to change in some degree the way prohibition is

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"enforced" at present; there are plenty who believe that a Catholic President would take orders from the Pope about how to conduct his office. To address argument to these individuals, to present them with facts, is necessary, of course. But when all these prejudices have been argued down—supposing that they ever could be—the most serious objection to Smith would, as Walt Whitman says, "stand yet untouched, untold, altogether unreached."

It lies in the fact that to millions of Americans he not only represents, but embodies, something alien. Not something alien in race or religion, but something alien to themselves, something alien in character and outlook, something they do not understand and which they feel does not understand them and never can. Some of the perturbed Methodist clergymen in the South opposed to Smith's nomination unconsciously revealed what really moves them most profoundly, whether they themselves know it or not, when they said he was "New York minded." The phrase does not represent a mere senseless jealousy of one city; it illustrates a feeling that there are two characters growing up in this country, each of which, to the other, is foreign.

It is not only the first time the West and South have been confronted with the prospect of a President who is wet, Catholic and a member of Tammany Hall; it is the first time they have had to face a possible President who, they think, does not understand them, and whose environment and habits of thought they do not understand. Their feeling is something like what it would be if Mustapha Kemal of Turkey were, by some impossible constitutional change, to become eligible to the Presidency of the United States and to become suddenly a likely occupant of the White House.

Nor is it to be derided. There certainly is a division in aims and problems and in structural character between the great overgrown cities and the more homogeneous communities beyond them. It really is to be one of the matters the twentieth century will have to consider and deal with when it grows out of youth into middle age. There is, of course, an answer to it in this case; it is that, as small-town Presidents like McKinley and backwoods Presidents like Lincoln have been statesmanlike enough to care intelligently for the rights of the great cities, so a President from a great city might be statesmanlike enough to be the President of the whole people and not the President of Oliver Street, New York. But, though New Yorkers are certain that he would be—since as Governor he looked as carefully after the interests of Tonawanda and Lockport as for those of the East Side—the people outside New York do not know it except by hearsay, and even of hearsay they do not get as much on this subject as they do of hearsay about his religion and his opinion of Volsteadism.

It is the first time "the farmers," as we rather ignorantly call them, have been confronted with this dismaying situation. Roosevelt came from New York City, but the Westerners regarded him as Teddy the ranchman. Arthur came from New York City, but in his time the split between city and country had barely begun; though even then the suspicion of the West toward the "dude President" had a considerable influence in taking votes away from him at the convention of 1884. But Smith is the terrifying metropolis incarnate.

The reporters note, without noting its significance, the comment in the South about his brown derby and his East Side speech. Why should an Oliver Street accent be any more of an argument against him than Coolidge's Yankee twang or Lincoln's Kentucky drawl? If New York can stand it to hear a Southerner pronounce the word you "yo" and "you-all," why cannot the South stand it when Smith pronounces it "yuh"? (as he does). The answer is that Smith's speech and clothes illustrate, to them, the approaching yoke for their necks of the alien cities. Two centuries have gone by since a Dutchman ruled England and still the horror with which his Dutch dialect was dwelt upon is visible. It was not because he mispronounced words; it was because, to half his people, his mispronunciation was a constant reminder that his thoughts were not English, but alien to England.

These are the things the wise political experts never mention or think of. They are also the things on which elections turn.

Late Spring

The spring is late this year,
But now that she is here
  The long delay
Gives joy a keener edge.
The dogwood and the hedge
  Know it is May.

The impatient trees explode
Into the tremulous load
  Of leaves and flowers
April kept back too long;
And into frenzied song
(Flute, bugle, violin, gong).
The bright birds flash among
  Their petaled bowers.

Though many seeds have died
  In the cold earth,
Refusing to be denied
The live have multiplied
  Death in their birth.
Spring rioting comes
Shouting and beating drums.

The orchards clothed in white
Delighted shower delight:
  Their boughs outspread
Bless us; their young fronds strain
Skyward and not in vain,
Since our hearts soar again,
  Heaven overheard.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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THE CEMETERY AT ROMAGNE

By MARK O. SHRIVER

EVERY summer for nearly ten years eager shiploads of American tourists by the hundreds of thousands have crossed the great Atlantic to spend a more or less brief vacation in Europe, but only a few see what should be, in truth, the choicest shrines in all the lands they visit. The men and women who gave their lives for the nation and for humanity during the world war have all been gathered together, and are buried in eight great national cemeteries. Five hundred lie at Waereghem in Belgium, 500 at Brookwood in England, 1,500 at Suresnes near Paris, 1,800 at Bony, 2,000 at Belleau Wood, 4,000 at Thiaucourt, 6,000 at Seringes-et-Nesles and almost 15,000 in the immense park at Romagne, which is the largest and most beautiful of them all. It is set among the hills, almost in the shadow of Mont Faucon, within easy gun range of historic Verdun, in the centre of that great eastern stretch of France which has come to be known to millions of Americans as "the Argonne."

When the Legionnaires visited it last September 14, 170 American dead were buried on the slope of a hill in the centre of a tract comprising more than one hundred and sixty acres, which is rapidly being developed into a great national reservation. The graves are ranged in eight square sections, fifty graves in a row and about forty rows to a section. Rows are numbered in order from top to bottom, and the graves in sequence by rows, from left to right. Up until the fall of 1927, each grave was headed by a cross of wood inscribed in black letters with the name, the rank or grade and the organization of him whose resting place it marked. Then, the contracts having been let by the United States, began the erection of marble crosses, white, lovely and graceful, which bear besides the data listed above, the state from which the dead man came, when the information is available. Of the total number at Romagne almost a third are unknown, and those markers, grouped together in a plot set aside for them, carry the inscription "Unknown U. S. Soldier, U. No—" Side by side they lie, all 15,000 of them on the slope of a high green hill, officer and enlisted man, men and women, white and black, Protestant, Catholic and Jew.

There is only one distinction to be noted anywhere, and that, that above the Jewish graves no crosses rise, but the six-pointed star of Israel.

The graves, lined with concrete, are solidly constructed, and the men interred in metal caskets so that, humanly speaking, they may rest in those hallowed tombs as they are today, until the end of time. As the new crosses and stars are prepared, a trench is run along the line of heads and filled with concrete. In this, spikes of brass or bronze are fixed, impervious to weather, resistant to the ravages of time, and on each spike a cross or star is set. Thus placed, on a foundation solid and everlasting, the cemetery should endure unchanged, forever.

The whole face of this Meuse country was bitterly fought over during those hard weeks when the Germans, fleeing before our triumphant armies, were being driven from their defensive positions. The woods and trees which once covered all the earth are gone, but with carefully prepared plans for reforestation, new trees are springing up everywhere. Flower beds have been planted on every side, and every art of landscape gardening is brought into play to make the last resting place of heroes a veritable garden of delight to the eye.

From a second hill a fine large hostess house faces the slope of graves across a deep valley in which lies a lake and a fountain with pond lilies floating on its placid surface, the central feature of the landscape scheme which is being developed to beautify the entire surrounding tract. There, guests, men and women, from early spring to late fall, may stay in comfortable and pleasant surroundings. The sleeping rooms are bright and airy and the food, excellent in quality, is tastefully prepared and well served. Surrounded by every modern convenience one may live at a minimum of cost, though the purpose, it should be said, is not to put the government into the hotel business, but rather to provide accommodation for those who wish to pay more than a passing visit to the graves—or to some especial one.

Crowning the hill of the graves is a tall white staff from which the colors fly from sunrise until sunset, marking a spot where some day, a non-sectarian chapel is to be erected in which services may be held for the deceased, following out the somewhat similar thought which led to the erection of the glorious French ossuary on the crest of Douaumont, a few short miles away. Eventually the plot of graves will be bordered by a wall of stone or marble, or perhaps a lovely hedge, a detail yet to be determined by the Graves Registration Service, a department of the quartermaster corps of the army of the United States, in whose care all American graves and cemeteries in Europe have been placed.

It is a comforting and a pleasing thing, a vastly satisfying thing, to see the orderly neatness and the loving care with which the graves of these dead are guarded. Standing on the porch of the hostess house at Romagne, one bright September afternoon, when all the land was spilled with golden sunlight, and looking across the little valley to the graves and the flag beyond, one Legionnaire who had fought across those desperate slopes remarked that it would almost have been worth while to have fallen there, just for the sake of being buried in so lovely a spot.

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It is a worth-while thought, that, for those who have loved ones in France should know what the conditions are, and appreciate that those sainted dead should be left where they lie, watched over by grateful nations, in beautiful and peaceful surroundings. Buried as so many of them are, at Romagne, at Thiaucourt, at Belleau Wood, almost on the spot where they fell in action, there they should rest. As Father Abram Ryan has said—

> Wherever the brave have died,
> They should not rest apart;
> Living, they struggled side by side,
> Why should the hand of death divide
> A single heart from heart?

In Romagne, or in any of the cemeteries, information as to grave locations may be secured from a resident superintendent, an ex-service man always, who, with a staff made up of one or two other Americans and a considerable number of French laborers, is daily engaged in maintaining the appearance of the place and in the seemingly unending search for bodies, many of which still lie undiscovered and unknown. As each week goes by one or more is brought in from the neighboring woods and fields and placed with its fellows in American soil, for though in France, it is American soil, won by American blood and effort, hallowed by American suffering and sacrifice and heroism, and turned over to the American people by the French to be safely kept and honored and revered so long as both nations shall endure.

By letter, by personal interview when possible, by every available means it is sought to establish the identity of the slain. Many of them wore neither tags nor other distinguishing marks, and, after the flight of more than nine years, identification is often difficult. One man, brought in to Romagne just before the visit of the Legion last fall, would have been placed among the thousands of the unknown save for some gold leaf lettering on a pocketbook which he carried with him. His uniform, his papers, everything, had crumbled away and the book was a mass of mold, but the golden lettering resisted the effects of water and temperature and made possible the unquestionable establishment of identity of one more man who gave his life and all that he had that we might live our lives in a quiet and a peaceful world.

This great park, the Meuse-Argonne National Cemetery, lies close to the village of Romagne-sous-Mont Faucon, utterly annihilated by the shell fire, but now restored and rebuilt, showing few scars as pilgrims hurry through. Romagne is some five or six miles from Dun-Doulcon, which lies along the Meuse river and is a way station on a narrow guage branch of the L'Est railroad, some thirty miles out of Verdun. It is reached most readily by motor from that city where accommodations may be had in any one of a number of excellent hotels. Indeed about the only way it can be conveniently reached is by motor for it was placed, not so much with regard to convenience of access, as with reference to the fields where many thousands fell.

The motor ride from Paris is long and tiresome, and the train ride far worse. It is next to impossible to make a round trip by rail from Paris within the space of twenty-four hours. One can leave about midnight and, arriving in Verdun around half-past four in the morning, get out to Romagne for breakfast, and so, after a hurried day in the cemetery, back to Paris in time to close the round of the clock, but such a day is unthinkable. It is far better to start from Verdun where one will have opportunity too, to take a char-à-banc or bus and make the famous tour of the forts—Vaux, the Trench of the Bayonets, Douaumont and all the rest of them. That great battleground is preserved by the French republic as one of its memorials of the war. Scars of the trenches, the ruined forests, the shell holes, and the stark, black trees give testimony to the fierceness of the struggle which raged around it, while here and there rusty wire still marks some hardily defended point of vantage. Elsewhere France, generally restored and glorified, has rapidly and wonderfully recovered, but the blessings of peace are most manifest through all this dread inferno.

Not everyone, perhaps, of those who have husbands or brothers or sons in France knows that the government will furnish, without charge, photographs of individual graves. Request should be made to the Chief, American Graves Registration Service, Q. M. C., 20 Rue Molitor, Paris, France. Photographs of sections, and general photographs may be had at a small cost to cover the actual plates and work of printing. And while it is probably not part of his official duties, arrangements could be made with the superintendent at Romagne to place flowers on individual graves on special occasions.

A Prayer

I do not pray
That God may take all lonely hours away,
Nor set you free
Of every want for human sympathy;
Rather I ask, that through recurring need,
May come a knowledge of their worth, to plead
The cause of friends,
And all that friendship joyfully extends.
The night alone
Can show the monotone
On which the lives are pitched of those who see
But sunlight endlessly.
How rich indeed
Are they whose bitter need
Has taught them how to touch the heart of each
With kindly heart and speech!
Yours is that gift. For this, too, then I pray,
That on a life-long way,
Your happiness in friends may bring a true
Conception of the blessings found in you.

JOSEPH CYPRIANO.

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HENRI DUNANT'S CENTENARY

By F. ASHFORD WHITE

FEW of the humanitarian movements of the last century have had more international importance than the work of the Red Cross, yet few figures are less familiar to the general public than that of its founder. Indeed it is hardly too much to say that but for the award of a Nobel prize toward the close of his career, the name of Henri Dunant would be practically unknown to modern Europe.

A native of Geneva, the city which gave its name to his Red Cross Convention, and which has ever been so important a centre of international initiative, Henri Dunant was born on May 8, 1828. For thirty years he led the leisurely life of the well-to-do middle class. Interested in social and philanthropic work, visiting the poor, assisting in the foundation of a local branch of the then recently-founded Young Men's Christian Association, his youthful ambition was fired with the idea of taking the lead in some new and noble movement, of following in the footsteps of Elizabeth Fry, of Florence Nightingale, or of Harriet Beecher Stowe. But the years passed. Dunant grew to manhood, formed financial and commercial interests, studied and traveled. The realization of his dream seemed further off than ever. Yet his call came at last, clear, sudden, and even startling. Three days sufficed to change his hitherto uneventful existence.

In 1859 he was traveling in Italy. On June 24 of that year, the Franco-Sardinian army, with which Napoleon III was marching through Lombardy to free Italy from foreign occupation, found itself face to face with the Austrian forces. All along a twenty-mile front the dogged defense checked the emperor's advance through that long midsummer day of fasting, fatigue and fierce fighting. Only at eventide were the French masters of the field where 30,000 men had fallen. Such a carnage had not been witnessed for forty years.

It was on that evening that Dunant drove into Castiglione, a village on the outskirts of the battlefield. Transport had broken down, the railway line had been cut, the wounded could not be evacuated. The sanitary staff was all too small. The floor of the village church was already covered with wounded men while scores of others lay untended and groaning in the street outside. The few villagers who had dared to remain, the chance travelers who passed by, were all too appalled to attempt to give aid. It was indeed a scene to dismay the most devoted of humanitarians.

But Dunant, essentially optimistic by nature, was raised to action by the very fact of this apparent apathy. By the force of example, by the charm of his personality, by persistent tactful persuasion, he at last formed a little band of helpers. Every casual passerby was cajoled into his service. Italian peasant women were induced to fetch water for these men whose feverish thirst had been unslaked since dawn. The villager's linen was produced and torn up for bandages. Dunant's driver was dispatched to the nearest town to buy sponges, fruit and other comforts. Englishman, Frenchman, German and Italian found themselves working side by side with the irresistible Swiss; priest, naval officer, journalist, commercial traveler, all alike bore a hand for a time. Not one of them, save a German doctor, had any medical knowledge or surgical skill. All was amateur effort, simple personal service, but keenly appreciated by the helpless and long-neglected men; and those of the wounded who were able, were soon joining in to render such slight assistance as they could to their less fortunate comrades.

Thus for three days Dunant carried on his errand of mercy. Then when the death of many and the removal of others had reduced the number of patients and thus assured them better attention, he moved off toward the larger centres to see something of base-hospital work.

Finally he returned to Switzerland, but he was haunted by the memory of those three days. He felt that could he but convey to the civilized world some idea of the realities of contemporary warfare and its immediate aftermath, some international effort might be made to mitigate these horrors. For three years he thought it over. Then appeared A Souvenir of Solferino, a brief but vivid account of what he had witnessed there. Only some 1,600 copies were printed. He anticipated no great demand for a pamphlet of which the stark realism was at times repulsive and which could consequently, he thought, only appeal to a very small section of the general public.

He was mistaken. Just as some ten years before Uncle Tom's Cabin had awakened the conscience of the world, so the Souvenir sent a shudder of horror throughout all Europe. It was soon translated into all the principal languages.

The time for action had come. Dunant made the tour of the courts and capitals of the continent; since Solferino he was not unknown at the imperial court of France, and felt assured of the personal support of Napoleon III and several of the marshals, in spite of the hesitations of the Minister of War. Queen Augusta of Prussia had read his book and engaged the King as an auxiliary in the new crusade. The Princess of Hesse (Princess Alice of England) was an early convert to the movement. No doubt Dunant's winning personality, and his cheery optimism, capable of accepting as a definite pledge a few words of simple sympathy, often stood him in good stead. For instance, the King of Saxony, asked to send delegates to a conference, remarked that he must first consult his Parlia-

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ment. Dunant promptly and courteously expressed his conviction that the Parliament would most certainly do whatever His Majesty would be pleased to command in such a worthy cause. Vienna, Madrid and other capitals were visited—to other countries the message was carried by some personage of note whom Dunant had come across at a foreign court and converted to his ideas.

An informal congress was held at Geneva in 1863 at which the bases of the new organization were laid. It remained to render the agreement official and obligatory. With this object a second gathering was convoked in the same city in August, 1864, to which sixteen of the twenty-five states of Europe sent official delegates. Fourteen of these signed, before the meeting broke up, the now historical document known as the Geneva Convention, in which Dunant's project for the neutralization of army ambulances was realized. The following years saw nation after nation organizing for international or national aid to the wounded in war: Prussia in 1864, Austria in 1867, England in 1869—the list might be almost indefinitely extended.

The first test of the new institution was during the Austro-Prussian campaign of 1866, when the arrangements made on the German side aroused general admiration. And although 1870 found France still unprepared in this respect, excellent work was done both by national and international groups during the Franco-Prussian war. Dunant's life-work was accomplished. But just as he saw the definite triumph of his ideas, he himself fell into penury and obscurity. A financial crash, possibly more the result of his incurable optimism than of any lack of excellent intentions, left him practically penniless. He had to leave Geneva, and for forty years disappeared from the public eye.

He was rediscovered in 1901 (when one of the Nobel Peace Prizes was awarded to his Red Cross work) at Heiden, a little Swiss health resort, broken in health, depressed in mind and only kept from actual want by a pension granted him by the dowager empress of Russia. He lingered on for a few years, but passed away "unwept, unhonored and unsung" in 1910—just a few years before the great war once more demonstrated the universal utility of the great scheme of which he had been the intelligent initiator and the persevering pioneer.

PLEBEIAN AND PATRIOT

By GEORGE FORT MILTON

THERE is a shabby newness to many of the rehabilitations of character (both up and down) which constitute the chief effect of too much of modern biography, but no such criticism can be directed at this new life of Andrew Johnson. An understanding treatment of our only impeached President has long been needed, and Judge Winston* has undertaken it with care and dignity, and with valuable results. Johnson is not the least known of our Presidents, but undoubtedly is among the most abused and least understood. He does not rank among the obscure White House occupants, such men as Taylor, Tyler, Fillmore and Pierce, mere shadows on the history of the nation. But he can truly be termed the most hated President and incidentally we have never had an executive whose policies have better met the acid test of time. Posterity, through no less a voice than that of the United States Supreme Court, has determined in fiat that the Greeneville tailor was absolutely right.

Oddly enough, four or five historians and biographers have recently been delving into the factual background of Johnson's career, and the volume now reviewed is but the first of several which are to be expected in the next few years. Judge Winston has done the best book yet written on Andrew Johnson, and it is to be hoped that the succeeding volumes will maintain this high level of thoroughness, documentation, interest and style. In his youth the author, a North Carolina jurist and writer, heard Andrew Johnson, then President, when he spoke at a fleeting visit to Chapel Hill. Judge Winston's book deserves a wide sale, both for its own interest, and for the little-known though most important story it tells.

All of his life, Johnson was a fighter. He was born with no silver spoon. Orphaned, bound out as apprentice to a Raleigh tailor, a runaway with a price for his return, his boyhood was a solemn and sombre one, which taught him that man got nothing worth having without a fight. In his teens he moved his family to Greeneville, across the mountains in Tennessee, and set up a modest tailor shop. He made good clothes and was a good citizen; but at every step there was a scrap, either to get the money for a rude subsistence, or to filch the time to learn to read and write. After Eliza McArdle, who married him, carried on the first steps of his education, he himself toiled on the rest. He wanted to be a speaker, and night after night would walk the six miles to Tusculum College to take part in college debates.

A few years later, and a councilman was being elected for the town of Greeneville. Johnson sent a message to his friends: "Tell them that I'm in the fight." And for forty years this was his motto. He filled every elective office, in steady progression, which the votes of a people could give. Councilman, legislator, state senator, he served Tennessee faithfully, combatively and well. He ran for Congress in a strong

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* *Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot, by Robert W. Winston. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $5.00.*

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Whig district, and his speaking routed his foe. He went back to Washington so often that, at last, despairing of beating him in fair fight, the Whigs re-districted the state, adding heavy Whig counties to the tailor-congressman's district.

Re-districted out of Congress, Johnson ran for Governor of Tennessee. The Whig candidate was Gustavus A. Henry, a noted politician, who, incidentally, had been the prime mover in the gerrymandering. Johnson said he had been not gerrymandered but "Henrymandered" out of his seat in Congress, and the people, in indignation at the Whig trickery, gave Johnson their votes.

It was during his next gubernatorial race that Johnson gave a dramatic foretaste of that courage and indomitable character which later served him so badly in the White House, but which served the nation so well. In the late forties and fifties, America was swept with an intolerant frenzy, a bitter prejudice against the famine-faced immigrants and their chief religion, known as "Know-nothingism," a precursor of the A. P. A. The Know-nothings were members of a secret order and their popular name came from their response to all questions about the organization—"I know nothing." It made great inroads into Whiggery all over the country, because the immigrant Irish had mainly entered the Democratic fold. In those days there were few Irish or Catholics in Tennessee, but the Tennessee Know-nothings flourished like the green bay tree. They captured control of the Tennessee Whig party, and made a considerable impression on the Democratic. Johnson was advised by the leading pussy-footing politicians to talk about tariff and internal improvements, and to leave Know-nothings alone. But Old Andy bitterly resented intolerance and the sole effect of the advice was to arouse his combativeness. And he did nothing by halves.

The 1854 gubernatorial campaign opened at Murfreesboro. The Whig Know-nothing candidate was Meredith P. Gentry, termed by John Quincy Adams "the greatest natural orator in Congress." And on "Americanism" the battle was fought. Johnson carried the war into the enemy's country. He pointed out that Methodism came from England through John Wesley, an Englishman.

> Where did Calvinism take its rise? Was it not Geneva? And were Calvin alive, this new order would send him and his doctrine back whence he came.

After such careful argument and analogy, he arraigned the secret party for

> its signs, grips and passwords, its oaths and secret conclaves, its midnight gatherings, its narrowness, littleness and proscriptiveness.

And he charged that in joining the order the members "swore to tell a lie."

Then came a sudden stillness over the gathering, full of Know-nothings, as Johnson exclaimed:

> Show me a Know-nothing, and I will show you a loathsome reptile on whose neck every honest man should put his feet.

Under this terrible denunciation a Tennessee contemporary writer tells us, the audience became pale with rage and still as death, and with his comparison of the order as being "no better than John A. Murrell's klan of outlaws" many voices burst out, "It's a lie, it's a lie!" and the cocking of pistols was heard on every side. Men ceased to breathe.

But Johnson looked on grim, unmoved and undaunted. He waited a couple of minutes. Then he resumed his speech with full deliberation. It set the state on end. It could not be answered. At the polls Johnson was swept into office again, and Know-nothingism thenceforth was dead in Tennessee. A brave man who believed in fighting had fought it and killed it.

From the governor's chair Johnson went to the Senate. He was an ante-bellum Farmer-Laborite. He fought for twenty years for a homestead law. He was the mouthpiece of the mechanics and the artisans, the small farmers, the "mud-sills," as the southern fire-eaters called them in scorn. Johnson himself owned slaves and believed in slavery, but above all he believed in the union and the constitution.

In December, 1860, amid the distressful scenes of farewell speeches of southern senators, singing their swan songs in the national legislature and glorying in the cotton republic about to come, Andrew Johnson made a speech on union which thrilled the country, but brought the wrath of his own South on his head. So in February, 1861, he defended himself and his beloved constitution. His peroration was on traitors:

> I would have them arrested and tried for treason, and if convicted, by the Eternal God, they should suffer the penalty of the law at the hands of the executioner.

The galleries were so thrilled that the enthusiasm burst all bounds and there were three cheers for the union, and three for Old Andy. The applause kept up until the speaker ordered the gallery cleared. This single speech is said to have done more to preserve the union than any other effort in the critical days of that dire winter and spring.

But space will not suffice to limn the remainder of his career in such detail. His war governorship of Tennessee led to his choice on the ticket with Lincoln by the National Union convention at Baltimore in June, 1864. (It was not a Republican nomination; Johnson was a Democrat all of his life.) After the assassination, Johnson sought to carry out Lincoln's policy of peace toward the South. A radical Congress was determined to enthrone the Negro on the prostrate white man, a plan against which the murdered Lincoln had sternly set his face. There followed a fierce struggle between President and Congress, in the final frenzy of which the radicals impeached Johnson for ousting a faithless and disloyal Cabinet member. So partisan were the bloody shirt wavers that they

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came within a single vote of convicting him of alleged "high crimes and misdemeanors."

After his Presidency Johnson returned to Tennessee, hated at home as in Congress. The ex-rebels had not forgiven him for remaining a union man at secession. The Unionists had not forgiven him for seeking a square deal for the South. So great was the bitterness that the Mayor of Greeneville vetoed a resolution of the town council to meet Johnson with honor on his return from the White House. And perhaps the most remarkable phase of his career politically was his Tennessee come-back, resulting in his triumphant election to the Senate in 1875. He made a famous speech there, in which he termed Grant "the greatest liar in all Christendom"—and most of the Senate cheered!

There were three flames which Johnson worshipped —the union, the constitution and the common people. He was buried with his head resting on his worn copy of the national charter, and his body was swathed in the stars and stripes. He really was a great American and his revaluation is long overdue.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET REPLIES

Covent Garden, W. C. 2, London.

TO the Editor:—Reluctance to rebuke a Catholic contemporary is shared by me with you. I must get over it, however, in the interests of truth. That you should differ from the Tablet is your right; but that you should grossly misrepresent what I have written is deplorable, and the more so in view of the fact that very few readers of The Commonweal are in a position to know what the Tablet has said.

Even if I should admit—which I do not—that the Tablet's first note on the one-man shop was not expressed with sufficient clearness for intelligent readers, I should still have before me the ugly fact that you have quoted from one of our censors in a later issue of the Tablet without taking into account the fuller exposition of our case which appeared on the same day in our columns.

For more than fifty years some of us have been fighting in Great Britain to secure decent hours and conditions of labor for humble folk who had too long been the slaves of the powerful interests which you represent us as defending. I myself can remember when ordinary shop assistants worked nearly eighty hours a week and were not even allowed to sit down behind the counters. What we call in England "living in" conditions were often horrible; indeed the state of things described in Mr. Wells's novel, Kipps, was a paradise in comparison with what I myself have known. By act after act of Parliament we have obtained reasonable early closing and a weekly half-holiday in shops, mines and factories, as well as decent sanitary conditions of labor.

In March it was suddenly proposed to exempt from the early-closing rules the proprietors of one-man shops, and it was explicitly said that, unless this was done, the proprietors of such shops could not make a living. It was frankly stated that most of them could not make their shops pay otherwise than by serving dilatory customers when other retail establishments were closed. The argument of the Tablet was clearly to the effect that, in doing what was called good to a few men who were their own masters, an enormous wrong would be done to a far greater number of citizens. It is true that we used the words which you have selected from our various notes, but, although these want reading in their context, I stand by them. We have in England, and you have in America, too many men who would rather be ineffective heads of muddling little concerns than accept the discipline which most of us cheerfully endure in the present organization of society.

I will not take more of your space except to say that the Tablet is not "the diocesan organ of the see occupied by the primate of the Church in England." Although the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is one of several trustees of the Tablet, the paper is not the organ of His Eminence. Certainly it is not merely diocesan, but has an imperial circulation and status.

ERNEST OLDMEADOW,
Editor, The Tablet.

(In the space at our disposal it was obviously impossible to examine the whole question of early closing regulations in England, for readers other than English. We sufficiently indicated that the ground of the Tablet's opposition to setting them aside in the case of shops conducted by a man with the help of his family was humanitarian. Moreover, our objection was taken, not so much to the Tablet's views upon the subject as to the deplorable phrase—"false and wretched independence"—employed to describe a struggle, even a hard struggle, to make both ends meet. The language once more used by Mr. Oldmeadow in speaking of the small trader—"ineffective heads of muddling little concerns"—again demonstrates upon what standards of economic success the right of the small trader to exist is being judged today. We do not believe they would bear the light of what we, in this country, conceive to be Christian charity, or even wise civic spirit. As the matter has been carried further by Mr. Oldmeadow, we will put a question which we refrained from adding to our first comment. By what means does he propose that the small shopkeeper shall find bread for his family during the interval of closing his "muddling" little business and seeking employment—even Mr. Oldmeadow does not guarantee he shall find it—in one of the large and thriving concerns under whose "discipline" the Tablet would have him place his neck? We note with thanks the correction anent the Tablet's status in the Archdiocese of Westminster.—The Editors.)

CATHOLICS AND PROHIBITION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Following is the greater part of a letter written by me to a prohibitionist friend. It may prove interesting to those of your readers who have been following the discussion under the head, Catholics and Prohibition.

"Although I looked upon national prohibition with a certain amount of sympathy during the first four or five years of its operation, my conviction has been steadily growing stronger for the last three years that the experiment has been a mistake and has definitely and irrevocably failed. Apparently this conviction is spreading among the American people steadily and with great rapidity. National prohibition is now definitely among the 'lost causes.'

"You refer to its opponents as 'believers in the Protestant doctrine of personal liberty.' That is a curious classification. There is no Protestant doctrine of personal liberty except that which is included in private interpretation of the Bible. Neither Luther nor Calvin, nor Henry VIII believed in individual liberty as against the state. It is true, as Tawney shows in

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his Religion and the Rise of Capitalism, that the principal Protestant bodies adopted in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the theory that the individual should not be interfered with by the state in his economic relations. I do not know of any other field in which Protestant theory or practice upholds individual liberty against the tyranny of the state. In the province of morals all the Protestant churches sooner or later handed over supreme authority to the state. They gave up the idea of themselves imposing obligatory moral rules for the guidance of their followers. Hence, it was quite natural that several of the Protestant sects, particularly the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, should call upon the state to deal with the liquor traffic by a method which entirely disregards individual liberty.

"On the other hand, the Catholic doctrine rejects the omnipotent state and holds that individual freedom should be restricted by public authority only so far as is necessary for the public good. By this principle, national prohibition in the United States seems to stand condemned. It is not necessary for the public good because there are other methods which can better attain that end.

"Hence, follows the answer to the question which has been asked by Father Lambing: 'Why are Catholics so generally opposed to prohibition?' Because they believe that it is contrary not only to individual rights but to the public welfare. With many of them, indeed, this belief is a matter of instinct rather than the result of careful study. But it is an instinct which is derived from a tradition of sound philosophy regarding individual freedom, and it receives greater and greater confirmation from the failure of national prohibition. A secondary and incidental cause of the instinctive antipathy of Catholics to prohibition is the fact that it was promoted mainly by, and still receives its strongest support from, Protestant organizations that do not believe in individual liberty and that look upon the consumption of alcoholic drink as morally wrong. Of course these notions are contrary to sound ethics."

REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

MEXICO ONCE MORE

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editor:—Your editorial, Mexico Once More, brings a vivid recollection of a fervent prayer, first breathed almost two years ago, that the period of grief for the Church in Mexico would be short-lived.

Before the establishment of the Calles régime, who of us, considering the persecution of the early Christians, ever dreamed that similar occurrences in our own day and age could be treated so lightly by the press! News of the religious situation in Mexico is surely worthy of first-page notice (sometimes of headlines). Yet it is generally converted to an obscure sixth- or seventh-page item of inconspicuous type; and I have taken particular notice—especially in the New York Times—that any report which might possibly be construed as an exposé of unfairness on the part of the Mexican government is protected by quotation marks. Outrages such as are being perpetrated daily upon Mexican priests and laymen, and which hastened the death of their beloved, exiled Archbishop, are ignored with an appalling indifference.

It is a deplorable fact that in dealing with a matter of such great moment, the conservative paper grows ultra-conservative, and even the tabloid assumes an air of reserve which is not at all characteristic of it.

ELSIE A. GALIK.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

She Stoops to Conquer

THE business of so-called "all-star" revivals, as conducted by George Tyler, has its amusing elements. They suggest, first of all, the question, what is a star? This word has quite a definite meaning in theatrical circles, there being three accepted grades of players known respectively as stars, featured players and actors. The star is one whose name precedes the name of the play itself in the announcements (thus, Helen Hayes in Coquette); the featured player's name immediately follows the name of the play (thus, The Trial of Mary Dugan, with Ann Harding); whereas the common or garden actor, though often quite as excellent as his more advertised brothers, remains hidden in the obscurity of the program. As Mr. Taylor generally selects actors of the featured grade or higher, there is no great quarrel with the use of the phrase "all-star," but so far as I know, only three of the actual cast of She Stoops to Conquer are really stars in the technical sense—to wit, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Fay Bainter and Glenn Hunter. The rest are merely excellent actors to be found from time to time in the casts of many Broadway plays.

The second question is whether stars and featured players really manage to give a better performance than a carefully selected but less glamorous cast. The general impression seems to be that they do not, but here I find myself rather out of line, because to me there is always a clear fascination in the authority with which good actors attack a part, even when they are not well typed for it. The ensemble may not be as smooth as when produced by humbler material, but individual bits sparkle and one feels suddenly quite close to the larger traditions of the stage.

Take, for example, the work of Mrs. Leslie Carter as Mrs. Hardcastle. Surely there have been better Mrs. Hardcastles. Half a dozen obscure actresses of today could certainly do as well, if not better, in giving the character its full implications. But how few could deliver the lines with a finer sense of authority and assurance! The authority is not that of the wholly modern stage. It smacks a little of the proud elegance of an open victoria driving slowly through the park in conscious disdain of even a Rolls Royce. Probably most of us, if given the choice, would use the car instead of the victoria. Yet we do see in the older mode something astonishingly fine and true to its own convictions, something which represents with integrity the accepted conventions of a day now slightly dim. It may even be that we witness conventions which may return once more, when the present wave of realism subsides, and the theatre again becomes the playground of illusions and bold exaggerations. There were several moments when I would not have exchanged the most subtle of present-day acting for the firm splendor of Mrs. Carter's bearing and the mannered freedom and strength of her gestures. If this is theatrical heresy—then I accept the brand.

Certainly the limitations of some of the younger school receive a withering spotlight during such an evening. Wilfrid Seagram and Horace Braham, as young Marlow and George Hastings, respectively, both acquit themselves excellently, with a sense of style and diction which breathes a pleasant respect for the good points of older times. But what words will describe the unfortunate diction of that most charming young actor, Glenn Hunter? He does achieve a surprising vivacity and directness of attack in facial expression and gesture as

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Tony Lumpkin, but in the name of modern realism itself, to which school he is dedicated beyond recall, how can he ask us to accept, for English comedy, an accent that spreads with a magnificent burr from Ohio clear to the Rockies? It is no excuse to say that he has been cast so often in parts where this accent was appropriate that he has had no opportunity to improve on it. That is merely to admit the charge that all too many of our younger actors are pushed ahead recklessly on the strength of a few delightful mannerisms and a distinct personality, and that their fundamental training is completely neglected. Mere artist's intuition ought to be a guide to feeling the right accent for a part; and if the muscles of the mouth refuse to obey the intuition, then it is up to the actor to go to school again and train his vocal mechanism as carefully as he would train his arms and wrists if a part called for a dueling scene with rapiers. John Barrymore, it is said, went through some such stern discipline before attempting his glowing interpretation of Hamlet, and certainly Mr. Hunter can do no less if he ever hopes to graduate from the ranks of pleasing adolescents into the good company of trained actors. Probably Horace Braham could never achieve quite what Hunter does in awkward schoolboy comedy, but there would be a place for Braham in almost any play that was conscientiously cast, whereas a manager would have to hunt high and low to find a "suitable" play for Glenn Hunter. Braham is a better actor; Hunter is a more unique personality.

I forgot to mention above, among the technical "stars" of the occasion, Miss Pauline Lord, who speaks the brief prologue—in black satin knee breeches and powdered wig. This neglect was no intentional discourtesy—but merely an unconscious reflection of the unimportance of the occasion. For I can think of no greater waste of three months' time than to have Miss Lord touring the country in a three-minute appearance, and a none too happy one at that. Like Glenn Hunter, she is supremely good in parts that suit her, and quite disappointing when they do not. She was monotonous and unimpressive in Trelawny of the Wells; she is pictorially engaging but still monotonous in this prologue. Think what it would mean to the American stage if Miss Lord could add to the amazing powers she does possess a half or a third of the versatility of an actress like Margaret Anglin!

Fay Bainter is precise and a little too cute, though charming withal, as Kate Hardcastle, and Patricia Collinge a bit too sugary as Constance Neville—especially when one remembers the deeper and finer quality which emerged when she played in The Dark Angel a few years ago. For the rest, Lawrance D'Orsay, Lyn Harding and the delightful O. P. Heggie contribute well-pointed bits toward an evening that is gay, brisk and thoroughly interesting, despite the reflections caused by the all-star atmosphere. Let no word I have said detract from the praise Mr. Tyler deserves for his excellent ambition in assembling so many fine actors (star and otherwise) to present Oliver Goldsmith's classic. (At Erlanger's Theatre.)

Anna

IN THE first place, Anna is a "good girl." In the second place, the various adapters and the author make use of that unquestioned fact to put her in as many suggestive situations as they can devise with the help of "art for art's sake"; and thirdly, they endow her and her artist admirer (Lou Tellegen) with as many stupid and inane lines, and as much sentimental drivel, as I have ever heard crowded into two acts. What happened in the third act I have no direct way of knowing, because, by the second intermission, I was once more breathing the air of the relatively open spaces of Broadway. Nothing is so painful as pretentious wit that fails to come off—unless it is "goodness" framed up as a cover to suggestiveness. And Anna wins the prize for combining both elements in the largest proportions.

It might be courteous, however, to speak of the acting of Judith Anderson and the ex-movie star, Lou Tellegen. Miss Anderson has achieved one of those skyrocket reputations that threaten to disappear suddenly unless she can prove the soundness of her equipment. Her voice is not particularly pleasant and her features are only beautiful if you happen to think they are. She does accomplish something in this play by injecting a bit of the coarse gamine spirit into her part as against the sophisticated elegance of some of her other rôles. But that is not enough when unmatched by native charm. As for Lou Tellegen—supposed to be playing an Italian artist in a European city—he is much to be pitied for the lines he must speak, but hardly for the screen gestures he uses nor for the accent he affects (when he remembers it) which is so far from suggesting Italy as to recall only Sam Bernard. (At the Lyceum Theatre.)

A Matter for Action

THE April Bulletin of the Catholic Theatre Movement contains the melancholy statement that out of fifty-two plays reported on in this number, only two were eligible to the White List. Five other productions, still on Broadway, and reported earlier in the season, are also listed. Now this is quite understandable. It by no means condemns every play not on on the list. That is not the spirit of the Bulletin. But it does mean that only these seven current productions can be recommended as entirely clear of reasonable criticism, either as to taste or more serious matters. One play, not included, for example, is listed as calling "for neither praise nor blame."

The Bulletin is strict in its standards—and rightly so, for it is meant as a guide for all ages and classes of theatre-goers, and where there is so much muddle-headed thinking as one finds today, it is of the utmost importance to have a representative body speak plainly and with the force of clear logic and moral perceptions. But if we accept this list as an accurate moral judgment, then we must accept another idea along with it—*that the time has come for clear, constructive action in* the furtherance of plays that do merit approval, not merely in the negative sense but as positive contributions to fine theatre.

Amazingly few of the White List plays have any real distinction from the limited view of fine writing, dramatic construction, nobility of theme, etc. This is no criticism of the White List—but it is a strong indictment of the lack of fine material coming from writers with sound viewpoint, and even more of the lack of practical interest in the theatre which should provide funds for the production of good plays, once they have been found. Every theatre housing a good play displaces just one more doubtful or harmful play. Here is a challenge! Will the readers of this page send me the names of ten men willing to finance a season of four plays in New York if I can discover for them four manuscripts worthy of production, dramatically and morally? Answers can be sent direct to The Commonweal.

(*The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.*)

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BOOKS

Simple Lives and Complex Natures

The Brontë Sisters, by Ernest Dimnet; translated from the French by Louise Morgan Sill. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THAT was a moment of sheer inspiration in which the London Times pointed out in Ernest Dimnet's study of the Brontë Sisters "the charm of sympathy overcoming what seem insuperable obstacles." The obvious linguistic obstacle is, to be sure, slight enough, since Canon Dimnet is practically bilingual and might easily have spared Mrs. Sill the work of her spirited and idiomatic translation. But what of the psychological adjustments needed when an essentially modern and succinct littérateur devotes exhaustive study to the making of "old-fashioned" novels? What of the depths of sympathy and of charity which must be sounded when a Catholic priest, steeped in continental culture, turns to interpret a "little Protestant bourgeoise" with flashes of genius in fiction? Yet Charlotte, from first to last, is "poor girl" to this critic who might well have been her confidant and whom one could have wished for her confessor: it is characteristic that he should claim her and her two sisters as "in spite of their faults, my friends."

Life in the bookish, provincial Yorkshire parsonage is painted through the opening pages with a verisimilitude of gloom. One sees the lonely, ineffectual, but not unlovable clergyman father—who, born an Irish boy, had served as weaver and schoolmaster before seeking Anglican ordination—and the supervising aunt with her ruffled cap and snuff-box, who loathed the North and insisted upon taking meals in her own room. Above all, one sees the three motherless girls, romantic Charlotte, austere Emily and gentle Anne, always dreaming, always scribbling in little note-books—along with that brilliant but unstable brother Branwell, whose later dissipations were to prove "not only their shame but their torment." And ever just beyond the ugly, grey village of Haworth, beyond the straggling stone quarries and the churchyard "positively choked with graves," stretches the immense mystery and freedom of the moors they so loved.

The story of the Brontë sisters moved on quiet footsteps to its final tragedy or final peace. There were intermittent episodes at boarding school—shadowed by illnesses and the premature deaths of the older daughters, Maria and Elizabeth—then Haworth again; with other episodes of serving as governess in various families, and the prospect—if things went very well—of eventually conducting a little school of their own. Also there was what might be called the continuous alternative of a long succession of curates, whose foibles and philanderings Charlotte delighted in satirizing. "It cannot be agreeable to a woman of genius to lead the life of a chambermaid," remarks her sympathetic biographer; and if Charlotte was neither quite a chambermaid nor quite a woman of genius, she was at least a caged creature panting for flight. From time to time, probably from sheer ennui, there were attacks of what would now be called nervous prostration: and reading a voyaging friend's description of cathedrals and pictures, she was half choked (like many another!) with longing. "Such a vehement impatience of restraint and steady work, such a strong wish for wings. . . such an urgent thirst to see, to know, to learn. . . . Then all collapsed, and I despaired."

But in 1842, as a knowledge of French was counted upon to add glamour to the future school-mistresses, Charlotte and

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Emily were actually entered at a pensionnat in Brussels. Both young women were, it is to be feared, of the type whose insularity is intensified—or at least made more conspicuous—by travel. They did not like the Belgians, they did not like the "subtle essence of Romanism" in their surroundings. But Charlotte—in spite of her incurable habit of ridicule—did like the principal of the school, M. Paul Héger, evidently a man of no little force and intelligence. Upon him and his wife Charlotte leaned more and more for sympathy and intellectual companionship, especially after her sister's return to England. And as there seems no evidence that she received either more or less than kindness from them both until the final break came, her subsequent acidity in painting Mme. Héger in Villette has raised much controversy. Indeed, when M. Dimnet's study was first published, he was rather sceptical toward the tradition of Charlotte Brontë's infatuation for her professor. Since then, the presentation to the British Museum and subsequent publication of a little batch of letters written by the unhappy girl to M. Héger during 1844-45, leave the question no longer open. It is both pitiful and painful to read Charlotte's naïve confidences, while begging (and trying not to beg) for the answers which never came; the tortured humility, the final confession: "On souffre en silence tant qu'on a la force, et quand cette force manque on parle sans trop mesurer ses paroles." Love—or the hunger for love? At any rate she was never to be so swept by emotion again. . . . And from these pathetic pages one understands the agony of that last summer in Brussels, when the tempest-torn little Protestant strayed into a confessional at Saint Gudule seeking—but alas, not waiting to find—consolation; one understands the bitterness of her reaction in future years, the "eternal frustration" which Canon Dimnet reads even into her literary success. And one cannot be too grateful for the delicate insight of his terse verdict—"Everything is said when it is recalled that. . . Charlotte Brontë was as pure as she was impassioned."

So the little spinster (one was easily a spinster at twenty-eight in those days!) returned to the dutiful monotony of Haworth: and for the millionth time in history the dream life had failed to fulfil was transmuted into art. Probably no one of the sisters would have dared to leap into print alone, so the first small book of collected verses was published at their own expense in 1846, under the discreet pseudonymity of Poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell. There were a few mildly appreciative reviews ("indulgent" is our Abbé's word—and he himself is more than indulgent to these masquerading sister songs, among which he does not hesitate to place Emily's first) and exactly two copies sold. But literary contacts had for the first time in their lives been established; better still, the consciousness of a literary vocation was at last achieved.

The very next year brought from Emily (or was it, after all, from poor Branwell?) the weird and extraordinary romance of Wuthering Heights, and from Charlotte the sensational success of Jane Eyre. Perhaps both were, as Canon Dimnet insists, works of inspiration, with their imperfections and improbabilities due chiefly to the inevitable inexperience of their authors. Perhaps again the "newer" psychology would rightly suggest that their faults and virtues were peculiarly the fruit of suppressed desires and an active subconscious mind. Even the tolerant biographer is slightly bored by the "peaceful and profound pleasure" with which Charlotte follows her own glorified image "through six hundred pages": Charlotte the governess, with her sensitive self-pity, her Johnsonian deliberation of speech, her passion for moralizing—and at the same time the romantic fertility which enabled her to write what seemed rather an audacious "best seller," as also to understand and admire the work of her emancipated sister-sentimentalist, George Sand.

Soon followed the silent stoical death of Emily, the almost apologetic death of Anne. . . . And Charlotte, struggling alone under the burden of the household and of her father's increasing blindness, managed incredibly to write the incredible Shirley. Gradually her authorship became known, and a modest fame tracked her to Haworth. There were brief, half-frightened visits to London and the great world she had dreamed of—and out of the encompassing loneliness and memories of the quiet rectory came Villette, no doubt her best novel in spite of its caricature of the old Brussels experiences. Then the unexpected happened: in 1854 Charlotte married one of the inevitable curates, a few years younger than herself! What was even more unexpected, the marriage bore every promise of success. She was "gradually accustoming herself to happiness," even looking forward to the flowering of motherhood, when the family blight settled suddenly upon her and in less than a year the tale was told.

Nothing could be finer in its balance than Ernest Dimnet's final summing up of this life, with its need of a "vivifying" faith which never came and of love which seemed to come too late. "It has been said that Charlotte and her sisters had simple natures. This," he declares, "is an error. They had simple lives, little varied, always troubled in about the same ways, but their natures were not simple." And with gracious urbanity he points out how both "literary weaknesses and moral narrowness were the product of the cold Yorkshire village," rather than of natures in need of divine and human sunshine. Scarcely again will the Brontës be interpreted so fully or so feelingly. For their works have become literary curiosities, and it is only the heart that tarries before passing through the little iron turnstile which marked the boundary of the old rectory garden at Haworth.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

The Pedigree of Painting

Art Epochs and Their Leaders, by Oscar Hagen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

WHEN one looks at Mr. Hagen's table of contents, a certain kind of suspicion is aroused. Here we find six chapter titles which culminate in The Climax—modern art. Where the antagonists of modern painting have gone to one extreme in asserting that impressionism and post-impressionism have nothing to do with the great historical epochs, the supporters have, on the other hand, known no limits in finding for contemporary art every anticipation and explanation which history will supply—and many which it will not. A little distrust is justified when another book studies recent art on the dramatic scale, as the climax of everything that preceded it.

But in his preface Mr. Hagen shows that he has not fallen prey to the fallacies of source-hunting. He has not started with modern art and, using a few of its obvious traits, gone beating through the ages for their origins. Instead of using recent painters as his index to the older masters, he has used the older masters as guides to the real value and authority in modern art. "It is my firm conviction," he says, "that modern painting can only be understood as an outgrowth of the past. A history of modern art can therefore be really fruitful only if it shows the why and wherefore of that growth."

Now, a large amount of recent literature on contemporary

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painting has used a great fund of anecdotal information as a flimsy disguise to cover an ignorance of the past. The books of Maier-Graefe, Roger Fry, Faure and Walter Pach are exceptions to the general rule. When modern art becomes the object of easy dilettante affection it is soon robbed of its significance. This is exactly what Mr. Hagen has tried to show. His book is an essay on development, yet it does not force connection where none exists. It does not knit illogical threads together in showing "unity beneath the historical mutations of artistic endeavor." The evolutionary motive is not pushed to absurd limits; if the book is read properly (as a unit, not as a series of essays) the reader will not finish it without recognizing its service to modern painters whose limitations, whose merits, and (most important of all) whose relation to the past, are defined.

The book suffers from a sometimes confusing use of terms, and from a certain stylistic uncertainty, the diction being in places admittedly ornate. Some of the statements, even in their context, make understanding difficult. There is also an occasional straining of influences (in the matter of Spanish baroque, for instance, or in the over-dramatizing of relations between Julius and Michelangelo) which suggests a forcing of issues. But generally there is a liveliness and a charm in Mr. Hagen's pages. He interprets with real descriptive skill, as in his comments on the Sistine Sibyls or the Jerome of Dürer. He defines some things memorably: the essential sculpture in everything Michelangelo did, the baroque element in Rembrandt, the revolutionary oratory of David. Certain names are missed in the book, but knowing the author's careful selection one is willing to grant him the justice of his omissions. It may be argued that the final chapter is too short, that it does not demonstrate fully the fulfilment or "climax" of the foregoing developments. But this is really the volume's merit. By the time he has arrived at a discussion of the present age, Mr. Hagen has shown us the real way to understand the modern genius. His study forms a distinct addition to recent art criticism, an essay whose limitations in viewpoint and method are easily overshadowed by its genuine historical understanding.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Cotton in the Cloth

Shoddy, by Dan Brummitt. Chicago: Willett, Clark and Colby. $2.00.

THIS is just one more of the controversial novels that have followed in the wake of Elmer Gantry; and in it Mr. Brummitt brings a sweeping indictment against "the system or the machine or whatever name you like," that controls and guides the Methodist Church. We have had a great many wholesale indictments in fiction against many creeds and dogmas and church governments; and somehow we have ceased to become greatly excited about them, and look back in some wonderment to the days when a nation-wide battle waged around Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Robert Elsmere. Somewhere in the back of our minds we realize that it does not pay to waste excitement on a controversy in which not merely the testimony on both sides, but the witnesses themselves are made to order to suit the author's prejudices.

So most readers will be content to leave to the Methodists themselves the question as to whether there is something wrong with Methodism. But what is worth remembering in this book, is the character of Bishop Bonafede as a type, not of a bishop, but of a man—the smooth, unctuous type that can give a platitude the ring of true coin, and is actually more devastating than

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a hypocrite ever finds it possible to be, because he deceives even himself.

We meet Bishop Bonafede first as a small boy in an English village, in the heart of the shoddy trade. Now shoddy, as everyone knows or should know, is old wool, recarded and respun from cast-off rags, foul blankets, the leavings of the hospital and the battlefield; in short, shoddy is "anything grown on a sheep's back that is still long enough to have two ends." The boy who was to be the future Bishop started life in this atmosphere of shoddy, and as we are made to see, he never escaped from it. Through all his slow, labored, upward climb, his actions, his phrases, his ideas are always second-hand, made over, respun. In his casual talk with other boys and girls, in his contacts with fellow-students and with teachers, and later, in the sermons that gave him fame, any stock phrase, any tag-end of an idea long enough to have two ends, serves his purpose for the smooth-surfaced shoddy in which he always robes himself.

And then, one day, at a commencement address, the Bishop, using a theme once more carefully worked over, a theme that has served him well in the past, chances to see in it a personal application and, in the middle of his discourse, suddenly sees his own naked soul, stripped bare of all its sorry pretense and smugness. And the realization of his lifelong sham rolls in upon him with such cataclysmic force that he falters, reels and drops stricken where he stood, to make headlines for the papers throughout the land.

The climax is theatrical and overstrained. But the study of Bonafede's development, step by step, in its inevitable progress toward disaster, is done with a minute care, a sureness of touch that marks the artistry which builds itself securely on a foundation of infinite pains.

FREDERICK TABER COOPER.

Walpurgis in Salem

A Mirror for Witches, by Esther Forbes. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THE legends of a witch, Doll Bilby, who was tried at Salem, as though written down and commented upon by one who lived in 1722 when the terror of witchcraft was still rife—that is all and yet how much more; for this book is beautifully written, and the tragedy of the situation peeps through every naïve sentence, and the horror of superstition and cruelty leers around every paragraph.

Born of parents whom she saw burned as witch and warlock in Brittany, terrified into temporary imbecility by this shock, Doll was brought to England and thence to America, by Captain Jared Bilby. Her strangeness and black-eyed, elf-like exoticism set her apart from the large-limbed English girls, and the affection Bilby lavished upon her warranted the jealous hatred of his wife. Thus Doll grew in the conviction that she was a witch. In this dread she is confirmed by the accusations and animosity of the woman who might have been her mother-in-law. Titus Thumb, the vain and timid would-be lover, repulsed by her indifference, lends a credulous ear to his mother's whisperings. But only through the veil of superstitious dread, the poison of suspicion and lurid imaginings of the horror-freighted mind of Puritan New England does one see what might have been the story of a simple romance. How natural and yet how almost unbearably dramatic the scene where Doll locks all the doors against her unwelcome suitor, impelled by a primeval instinct, the dimly recognized force of which seemed to her the working of a spell.

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Then came a mysterious man, who was hiding in fear of arrest. To Doll it was the coming of a demon lover and the fulfilment of her premonition of evil—it might have been romance come secretly and the fulfilment of a dream. And as a lover might fit himself to a girl's imaginings, this one became "but one of many fallen angels who left paradise with the awful prince." And he told her glamourous and gentle tales of hell that soothed her bewilderment in a world of such harsh Christians. And then "for her this seemly ordered earth on which we set our houses, in which we humbly plow and delve, this quiet earth for her brake open into a rare flowering. . . . She saw birch trees in moonlight spun of solid silver, and those common flowers which by day (and in the sight of God) are but buttercups, turned into glittering jewels which by their very brilliance frightened her."

But over and into and through this tragic and beautiful, age-old story is flung a poisonous slime—the demon-haunted imaginings of ignorant Puritans. Cowardice is glorified, for it is unrighteous not to fear evil. Cowan Corners is like a cup filled to the brim with the miasma of anthropomorphic diabolism. How appalling that the mind of man can create such horror to permeate and influence the bare incidents, the simple and dignified facts of life.

Thus have we been carried to Puritan New England and thus has Puritan New England been brought to our feet.

ANNE GORDON WINCHESTER.

North of the Lakes

The Canadian Scene, by Hector Charlesworth. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

FEW Canadians are better qualified to discuss men and events in the Canada of the last forty years than the genial and gifted editor of Toronto Saturday Night. His acquaintance with public men of four decades has been wide, and in many cases, intimate. He has compelled the respect of politicians of both parties and generally won their esteem and their confidence because, in the many years in which he has been associated with the leading Canadian magazine of comment, he has set down nothing in malice and has shown discrimination as well as discernment in discussing the significance of the social and political happenings of his time.

One of the features of Toronto Saturday Night which has added materially to its circulation is a column headed simply Reflections. It is from the content of this column that most of the sketches in this volume have been elaborated, although Civil War Spy Operations in Canada was written for the New York Evening Post, at a time when there was excitement in the United States over German spy activities in this country, and the article on Toronto University was written for the Dearborn Independent.

The studies of Sir John A. Macdonald, of Sir Wilfred Laurier and of Franklin K. Lane, the Canadian who became a prominent member of the Cabinet of a President of the United States, are compact but comprehensive. This is especially true of the Laurier sketch. Few biographies of the great liberal statesman of much greater length are so revealing, so justly balanced or so sympathetic as this appraisal by one is not a member of the party of which Laurier was for so long a time the leader.

American readers will be grateful that the article on the University of Toronto has been included in this collection. In some respects this educational institution is unique. Here is a university which is both a state and a private institution; here

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The studies, taken together, furnish a panorama of the growth of Canada as a nation in the sixty years since confederation.

ERNEST F. BODDINGTON.

Sacraments and Mysteries

The Anchorite of the Tabernacle, by F. X. Esser, S. J. $1.75; The Eucharistic Emmanuel, by Peter Geiermann, C.SS.R. $1.50; Meditations and Readings, selected from Saint Alphonsus, edited by John B. Coyle, C.SS.R. $2.00; Our Way and Our Life, by Dom Columba Marmion, O.S.B. $1.25; God and Ourselves, by William Godfrey, D.D. $2.00; Godward: The Rugged Path of Joys and Sorrows, by Frederick A. Houck. $2.00. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company.

HERE is a group of spiritual books, worth while, adapted to various devotional needs. The Anchorite of the Tabernacle, as the name indicates, is a book of spiritual reading or meditation on the Blessed Sacrament. It is translated from the German. Whether the fault of the author or the translator, there is an effort to be graphic, with the result that there is too much exuberance and bombast. It needs a poet like Faber to do well the graphic in spiritual writing. And by the way, give us Faber's Blessed Sacrament for the entire mass of modern devotional books about the Eucharist. It is still the greatest of all.

Another book on the Eucharist is The Eucharistic Emmanuel. It consists of two series of sermons, six sermons in each series, on the Blessed Sacrament. Preached originally at the Forty Hours' Devotion, they are chiefly devotional and are meant to serve as helps to priests on the same occasion. Every sermon is preceded by a full and excellent outline. Among the many modern books of devotion some are rather indifferent. It is good then to welcome some of the old masters in the spiritual life.

One of the greatest of these was Saint Alphonsus. The late Cardinal Logue regretted that the writings of that saint were rather neglected by present-day Catholics who take to the "more showy and more superficial modern works." The present volume, Meditations and Readings, is for use from Easter to Ascension.

The late Abbot Marmion's Christ in His Mysteries, containing spiritual and liturgical conferences, has been recognized as the work of an authority on the ascetic life. A large book and comparatively expensive, it was out of the reach of many. The translator now gives an abridged edition, containing sixteen chapters on the mysteries of Jesus. The excellent little book will serve both for meditation and spiritual reading.

God and Ourselves, a book of "thoughts for all times," will serve many a purpose, for meditation, spiritual reading, hints for sermons and for side reading in parish schools. It is a book of solid piety.

A book that is eminently readable, and that is of great importance in devotional books, is Godward. It aims to popularize the spiritual life. The old, unchanging truths are restated with reference to conditions of modern life. The book would be more enticing if the longer chapters were subdivided.

HUGH F. BLUNT.

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Strangers and Lovers, by Edwin Granberry. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.00.

THE book-cover blurb has become so much of a convention, and proportionately, so little of a reality, that one doubtless confesses to a certain naïveté in finding anything of detainingly serious import in it. And yet there is a unanimity in the praises enwreathing the present novel which the present reviewer, for one, cannot but feel to be challenging.

Not that Mr. Granberry's work lacks merit. Anyone approaching Strangers and Lovers even without benefit of advertisement would, I think, find it interesting in its promise and satisfying in many details of its achievement. It belongs to the regionalistic wing of contemporary fiction, and it does convey with a considerable sense of reality the atmosphere of life among the poor whites in the far reaches of the Florida desert: where one can see "damp, dripping vines, like the coils of snakes, squeezing the life out of the trees, and great, raw, bloody-looking flowers that eat flies and stare at one like devils." But its human side is shadowy and under-developed, wavering between the tentative starkness of the young writer who has learned that an unpitying realism is an artistic duty, and the no less tentative sentimentality in which he is apt to take refuge from his own ruthlessness.

Its chief figures are Millie Carver—who since she has no contacts with any corporate group of human beings, grows up with rather less social advantages than are enjoyed by an outright savage, and who is, nevertheless, represented as being beautiful, fastidious and winning; her outcast and drunken father; her lover, Alec; and her uncertainly sketched betrayer. The difficulties and misunderstandings through which Millie and Alec struggle to their happy ending have not, certainly, the poignancy, the confident, authoritative, indescribable and unforgettable vitality, which informed and made beautiful every page of Elizabeth Madox Roberts's great novel in the same field, The Time of Man. Mr. Granberry is not of Miss Roberts's artistic stature, however firmly his book-cover critics (in an evocation of comparisons for which Mr. Granberry can scarcely be grateful) insist that he actually towers above her. But he does approach his material with an obvious feeling for its poetic value; and hence his book is always readable, and, in occasional spots, something more.

Mary Kolars.

CONTRIBUTORS

John M. Thomas is a new contributor to the columns of The Commonweal who has spent many years in Rome.

Charles Willis Thompson was formerly an editor and correspondent for the New York World, Tribune and Times. He is the author of Party Leaders of the Time.

Theodore Maynard is an English poet and critic residing in the United States. His books include Exile; The Book of Modern Catholic Verse; and The Book of Modern Catholic Prose.

Mark O. Shriver is a member of the Maryland Bar and a writer on jurisprudence and economics.

Joseph Cypriano is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

F. Ashford White is an English author, long resident in France, and formerly a correspondent for The American Druggist and T. P.'s Weekly.

George Fort Milton is the editor of the Chattanooga News, Tennessee.

Katherine Brégy, critic and poet of Philadelphia, is the author of The Poet's Chantry; and Poets and Pilgrims.

Morton Dauwen Zaiel is a member of the teaching staff of Loyola University, Chicago.

Frederick Taber Cooper, formerly literary editor of the New York Globe, the Bookman, and the Forum, has published many books of criticism and translations of American and European novelists.

Anne Gordon Winchester is an occasional contributor to The Commonweal.

Ernest F. Boddington, dramatist and journalist, was formerly Sunday editor of the New York Times and dramatic editor of the Brooklyn Eagle. His play, The Heretic, was produced by Otis Skinner.

Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, the pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, East Cambridge, Mass., is the author of Poems; Songs for Sinners; The Book of God; and Spiritual Songs.

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